

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

MARCH 1977 \$1.95

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SHOW & TELL

IN LIKE LIONS



Writers have been scribbling about the
ides of March ever since a group of well-
wishers diced up Julius Caesar with
short swords. We still have our would-be
Caesars, and since March is tradition-
ally the month to cut them down to size,
our **HUSTLER PROFILE: WILLIAM
LOEB, THE PURSUIT OF POWER**
comes at just the right time. **BEN
STEFFENS**, a veteran East Coast jour-
nalist and a longtime Loeb watcher,
takes on the publisher of the *Manchester*
(New Hampshire) *Union Leader*, a paper
that wields incredible political influence
and power.

The Supreme Court, on the other
hand, holds ultimate judicial power in
this country. And it is the Court that has allowed the gradual erosion of First
Amendment rights, a situation that is analyzed by famed trial attorney **HERALD
PRICE FAHRINGER** in an exclusive **HUSTLER** article **WHO WILL GUARD THE
GUARDS?** This question was first asked centuries ago by Roman lawyer and
political satirist Juvenal in response to a plan to create a police state. Fahringer, who
is general counsel for the First Amendment Lawyers Association, puts the question
in its modern context.

Gladiators still exist in the form of dogs that are bred to battle to the death for the
amusement and profit of their owners. Reporter **DAVID EPSTEIN** set out to
investigate this brutal game after a friend acquired a pit bullterrier. Epstein has seen
a lot as a musician, TV director, and merchant seaman, but he will never forget
the dogfight that he attended in order to write **PIT BULL FIGHTING: THE
BLOODIEST SPORT**.

Poetry reading is a gentler form of entertainment, and surprisingly it's a regular part
of **CHARLES BUKOWSKI's** raunchy lifestyle. As readers of Bukowski's chilling
story **THE FIEND** (**HUSTLER**, November 1976) know, he manages to equal, if not
exceed, the decadence of the Roman Empire in his modern-day short stories. **THE
BIG DOPE READING** is no exception.

Associate Editor **MICHAEL TOOHEY** was inspired by a pair of Roman sandals
(sent by an admirer from the old country) to pen this month's **SEX PLAY: FOOT
AND SHOE FETISHISM**. Toohey combines his experiences in the world of offbeat
sex with careful research to give readers an option on what to do if the shoe fits.

If our own **HONEY HOOKER** had the chance to play the Colosseum, she could
have shown Caesar a trick or two. Her adventure this month with a rowdy gang of
cutups is the first of Honey's tales illustrated by **HOWARD DARDEN**. We're glad to
have another prolific contributor to men's magazines join **HUSTLER's** jesters.

Our centerfold, **MAGGIE: SHADOW PUPPET**, as well as **NIKKI, JOJO** and
J.A.P. (Jewish American Princess) are the kind of girls who could make you feel like
an emperor. Be prepared to enjoy this issue while sitting on your throne.

—Althea Flynt
Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Fahringer



Epstein



Bukowski



Toohey



Darden

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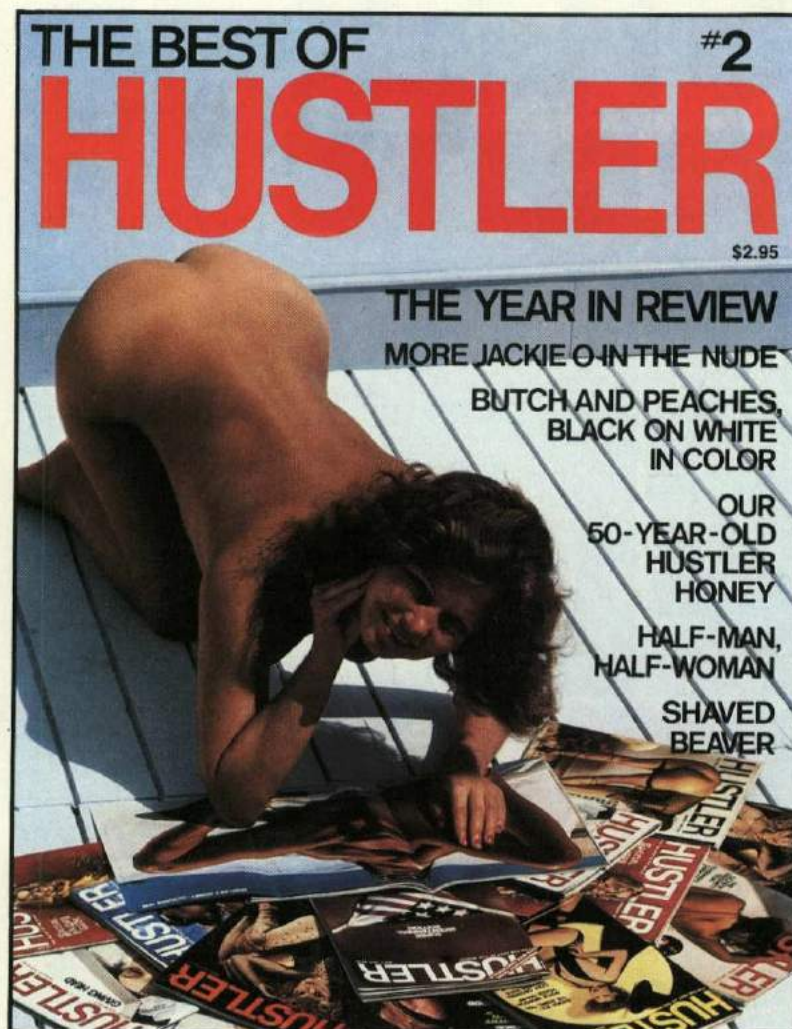


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ANYONE UP FOR SECONDS?

Let's face it, trying to keep up with HUSTLER isn't easy. We move fast—especially off the newsstands.

In case you missed copying a favorite HUSTLER piece last year, we're offering you another chance to score with *The Best of HUSTLER #2*—a gland-popping anthology of our second year's finest pictorials, editorial features and bent humor.

You'll get another taste of the nude Jackie O; *Screw's Obscenity Trial*; our 50-year-old centerfold; Butch and his Georgia Peach; Josephine, the half-man/half-woman; and much more.

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HUSTLER

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FREEDOM FIRST

As many readers know, some people are trying to silence HUSTLER. Is HUSTLER being prosecuted because we show women in candid erotic poses or because we use our First Amendment right to give an open and honest presentation of all the facts? I think we have to take a closer look at the many recent attacks on First Amendment freedoms.

Did Daniel Schorr lose his job for reporting what CBS had decided the people didn't need to know about the CIA? Or was CBS embarrassed that the public might learn how the network bows to the government's wishes for secrecy—when at the same time CBS regularly reports *planned* government leaks? Could it be that CBS, and other news organizations as well, don't want people wondering just how powerful the government's influence over the "adversary" media actually is?

Does this frighten you? It scares the hell out of me—and not for selfish reasons either. The political conspirators could shut me down today and I could still live comfortably. But do you want to live under a system in which opposing

views can be so easily shut off?

Don't allow yourself to believe that attacks on sex publications are anything less than the first steps toward achieving the ultimate domination of information flow. Cleveland Assistant City Prosecutor Bruce Taylor has publicly stated that when he's through with HUSTLER, he intends to go after *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. After *Playboy*, can *Time* and *Newsweek* be far behind?

Does the government fear HUSTLER because we show pussy or because we tell the public what other media thought they couldn't about venereal disease or about how the government handled the press during the Vietnam war? Could scurrilous, unethical politicians continue to operate if the press is allowed to give the public all the information without bias or pressure from government or business?

I am anxious to see the changes in government conduct that Jimmy Carter promised. But I wonder if this new mood will mean the end of harassment of the media by and through government agencies—as in the cases of FBI

wiretaps on members of the press and IRS audits of newsmen? If vacancies occur on the Supreme Court during Carter's term, will he appoint liberal justices to counterbalance the repressive Nixon-Ford appointees? Or will Carter's "Bible Belt" upbringing convince him that prosecution of the erotic entertainment industry is not part of a political scheme?

If government is allowed to continue its campaign against the media, how long can a free press last? Without the right to know, and access to information, the entire Bill of Rights can become nothing more than a roll of toilet paper to be used and discarded by those whose actions already foreshadow the end of American liberty as we know it.

President Carter owes you his views on the future of the First Amendment. Now is the time for him to show us how open and honest his administration is going to be.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Larry Flynt".

Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIBE TO HUSTLER!

(IT'S NEVER TOO LATE)

When a man goes through the change, he sometimes finds difficulty in maintaining an erection. Like a tired old dog, the penis would rather lie down and roll over. HUSTLER prefers to think of the penis as being more like a salami: long, hard and getting better with age. That's why each month our HUSTLER Honeys lend a hand to thousands of senior citizens.

As you enter the twilight of your life, we want your penis to be right up there with you. All we're asking is for you to get a grip on yourself by subscribing to HUSTLER. Sure, we know what goes up must come down, but HUSTLER is working to keep it up just a little bit longer.



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FEEDBACK

THE TRUTH HURTS

Wow! What a Christmas present—"The Real Obscenity: War," January 1977). I don't know what to say. Pictures are worth a thousand words; yours are worth the Encyclopaedia Britannica. How many lives would have been saved if these pictures had been made public years ago? Nixon, that gutless bastard, should be hung. If your circulation doesn't increase by 100 percent, then something is wrong.

Thank you for your complete honesty and guts to show the TRUTH.

GBH
Wellsboro, Pennsylvania

Allow me to convey my heartiest congratulations to you and your staff for the piece "The Real Obscenity: War." I am an avid reader of HUSTLER, and I think your pictorials have always been the best. Now, having read your comment, I think your people are the best, most sincere, believable and honest where the interest of your readers is concerned.

I only hope that prospective jurors get a look at "War" before the time comes for them to pass judgment on "obscenity" in some courtroom. Keep up the extraordinary work.

T. P.
Laredo, Texas

In the past, HUSTLER has shown the dangers of VD and other social problems. Fine. But now you show mangled bodies and people blown apart. I doubt the public wants to see this kind of obscenity.

Your front cover misleadingly stated "The Most Obscene Photos Ever," and it tempted people to buy your magazine with the belief that they'd see some great porn. Instead, it was the most disgusting display of photography to date.

I have always enjoyed your magazine in the past, and so have the guys I work with. But if this is the type of publication we will see in the future, then we'll leave your magazine at the newsstand.

E. M.
Youngstown, Ohio

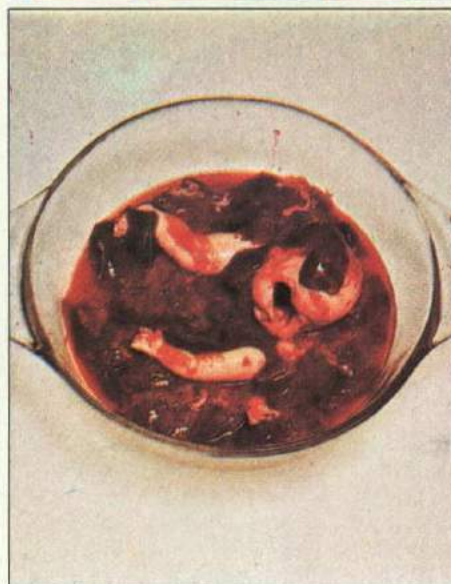
War always has been and always will be obscene. May you always have the courage to tell it like it is. So far you're the only one who has.

R. K.
Phoenix, Arizona

OK, that's enough already. I subscribed to your magazine for its erotic content. I can take ass-fuckin', up the nose, up the ear or what have you, but when you come out with obscenities like the ones shown in your January issue, I lose my hard-on.

You're telling your story to the wrong people. If I thought your magazine was obscene, I wouldn't buy it. Tell your story to the folks who don't buy it, but please, not in HUSTLER.

D. Lowen
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



In our office, we subscribe to your magazine for the explicit sexual pictures and wish that you would be even more bold with them. However, we have become disgusted with your emphasis on excretion and blood and gore. If we wanted to see stuff like this, we'd subscribe to magazines that deal in more lurid subject matter.

For several months we have been reading your magazine, being careful to avoid certain pages and even cutting out pages and throwing them away. With the January issue it has become impossible to avoid these pictures. Thus, we have decided we don't want your magazine anymore. We are not asking for a refund on the unused portion of the subscription; just don't send the magazine anymore.

Ralph E. Baker
Decatur, Georgia

I am sorry if you were upset by the disgusting, gut-wrenching photos of war atrocities, but we must face reality. HUSTLER faces prosecution and harassment from the same people who allowed the deaths of America's sons for the profit of politicians and big business. If you found these photos offensive to your senses, then by definition you found them obscene. Is it possible that anyone can honestly react the same way to photos of a nude woman? It is about time we saw these atrocity photos. If it can help us avoid war and violence in the future, it's worth it. If it can help us rethink our views on human life and sexuality, then it was a right decision to publish them. As I pointed out in my commentary: "God help us if we don't all see that the human body is only obscene in violent death."

—Larry Flynt

NOT A PASSING FANCY

Your photos of the woman wearing fishnet stockings in "A Passing Fancy" (January 1977) brought back some good feelings for me. She reminds me of the first girl I laid; she wore fishnet stockings the whole time we made love. I'll be a HUSTLER reader forever.

Michael Martin
Fullerton, California

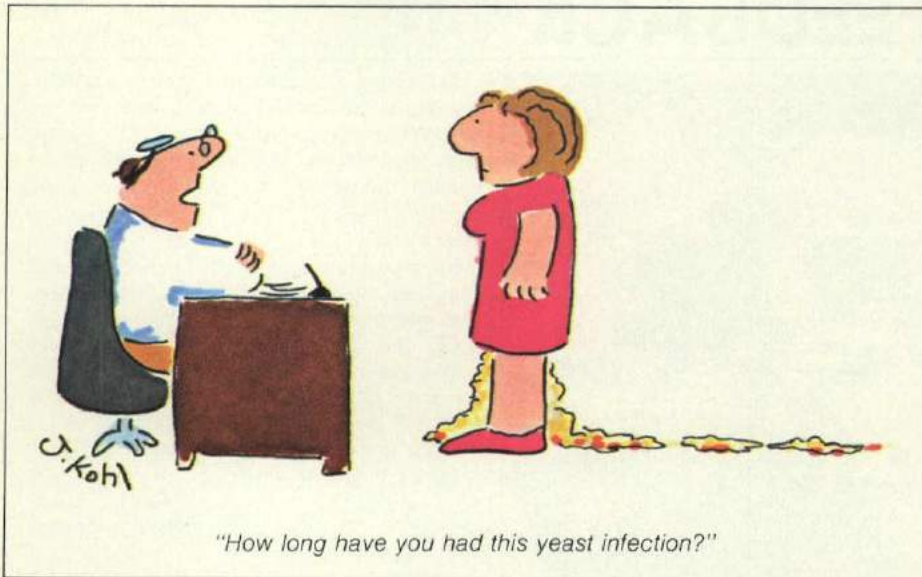
MISSING THE POINT

Your December 1976 issue proves that your publication has no sophistication. I refer to the "Fake Abortion" in your "Christmas Gift Guide." Although I consider myself very sensuous and liberated in every way, I feel you have gone too far in your depiction of a very personal subject. So, my boyfriend and I will no longer buy your publication.

Laureen DiStasio
Poughkeepsie, New York

At one time your magazine amused me, but since your December 1976 issue you have lost one of your readers. Being a truck driver, I see more than my share of grossness, but that issue has it all beat.

My wife is pregnant again after losing her first



child. She threw up after reading 16 pages of your magazine. Thanks. I was eating at the time she barfed. I am going back to something milder.

Thomas J. Smith
Baltimore, Maryland

I am amazed at your ability to publish quality erotica and absolute trash in the same magazine. Being a viable element in the erotica media does not mean that you may ignore ethical standards; and in the "Most Tasteless Cartoon" (December 1976 issue) you have neglected your basic responsibility to your profession, that of recognizing dignity through human sexuality.

To label violence towards a young child as tasteless is an understatement; it is a gut turn-off to the rest of your magazine. I urge you to replace this section. Replace it with anything. Give a prize for the best fanny from your "Beaver Hunt"; use erotic poetry, etc. Just remove the section.

Liz Aulsebrook
Address Withheld by Request

I am against abortion simply because I feel that there must be a better way. And I blame our primitive approach to sex education for the need for abortions in the first place. In a society that claims to be the best educated on earth, most of us don't even know how the body functions sexually. The cursory education we receive in school forces us to pick up misinformation in the locker room and on the street corner. HUSTLER depicts these serious social and political realities on our cartoon and humor pages as a commentary on the barbaric way we handle sex education and birth control—with the hope that we can face up to our present values on human life.

—Larry Flynt

WHOSE PUBLIC SERVANT?

I am writing in response to "Open Letter to President-elect Carter" in the *Washington Post*. First, you state that government employees lack imagination and motivation. This may be true to some extent, but no more than with engineers, lawyers, businessmen and magazine publishers.

I have had wide experience in both the federal and private sectors, and my chief concern was in doing my job quickly, efficiently and accurately, as was required. The greatest drawback in federal service is red tape, not poor motivation. Incidentally, I've never felt that I was a "public servant." I was in an area that is not open to the public for security reasons.

We both agree that changes are needed in this country, but I doubt if we agree as to the kind. I think the American people are becoming a nation of milksops, constantly complaining and demanding more of everything. Unless something is done to reverse this trend, we may be speaking Russian, Arabic or Chinese by the year 2000.

Frank Eschrich III
Washington, D. C.

If you never felt you were a public servant, the fault lies with you and your agency. Like it or not, if your loyalty went to anyone other than the taxpayers who paid your salary, you're guilty of treason.

PUBIC SERVICE

Thank you for finally showing what the hell VD looks like. Your vivid pictorial was grotesque to look at—as I'm sure it was meant to be. That was the first time I've ever seen actual photographs of different types of VD.

Fred Biser
Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania

I'm proud to say that I'm one of your 3 million readers. One thing I would like to know is, how many of your readers are under 18 years of age? As for me, I'm 16.

Now, before all of those old folks who jerk off to your pictures start screaming about sex being the only thing on a kid's mind, let me ask one question. Where can you find an article that has pictures of various cases of VD in a textbook? According to your article on VD (HUSTLER, December 1976) "...one teenager will catch the clap every 15 seconds of every hour, every day of the year." Isn't it ironic how some people object to

teenagers buying magazines that are "Not to be sold to persons under eighteen years of age," yet there are articles such as Mark Baker's that can, in some ways, save us from making a mistake that we may regret for the rest of our lives.

I plan to take this magazine to school and show it to our health teacher. I can assure you that this article will be photocopied and will replace sections of the textbook.

Also, good luck with your trial.

T. S.
Highland Park, New Jersey

You really scared the shit out of me. Your article on VD had me checking myself all night. Right on for putting it in the open. I don't care what anybody says, your mag is number one with me.

Stanley Robinson
Soledad Prison

Because of the grossness of your "Christmas" issue, I won't buy your magazine again. Only a diseased mind could mix horrible photos of VD with those of beautiful women. I love the girls, but the rest of your rag makes me barf.

Keith Larson
Palo Alto, California

DROPPING A HINT

Recently, I found a new HUSTLER magazine under some bushes on my property. One of your men placed it there so some innocent passerby would pick it up, read it, and look at all the nasty pictures of men and women in it. Your book is evil!

I'm positive some of your helpers hide it along the roadside because this is the second copy I've found there. How would you feel if you had three teenage sons and someone did this to you? This is exactly what you are doing to my boys, and you should be put behind bars for ten years.

Louis M. Lange
Harper, Texas

You have Larry confused with the Easter bunny.

UNFILTERED VIEW

It is my pleasure to tell you that your magazine is the marine's best friend here at the Officer Candidate School, Quantico, Virginia. We go to the field quite a bit and instead of hunting and war stories, we now enjoy HUSTLER while sitting around the campfire. Please tell Maj. Gen. C. W. Hospelhorn ("Asshole of the Month," December 1976) to send all the copies of HUSTLER he's banned from army PXs to USMC exchanges. The marines will take care of them.

Now let me enlighten you on another point. Hospelhorn has dedicated his life to the army, and he should not be degraded. I don't care what branch of the military he's in, we're all here to protect the USA. The man has a hard job during peacetime. I know that your magazine is not one of subtlety, but Christ, give the man a little consideration next time!

Otherwise, thanks for a brilliant magazine.

PFC Bill Sample
Quantico, Virginia

I'm a sailor aboard the carrier U.S.S. *Midway*. Being at sea for long periods of time can become very tedious and trying. The big break in the whole works is when we receive copies of *HUSTLER*. No power on earth can stop me from my rendezvous with *HUSTLER*, and my shipmates have named me The *HUSTLER* King. No other magazine can cheer up a lonely sailor like *HUSTLER*, and all of us on the *Midway* give you a pat on the back for December's "Asshole of the Month" Maj. Gen. C. W. Hospelhorn.

The *HUSTLER* King
U.S.S. *Midway*

FLICK FLAK

The other night, in Mansfield, Ohio, a buddy and I saw *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*—a film that *HUSTLER* and virtually every other top men's magazine have given their highest rating to. However, we saw no genitalia, no orgasms, no insertion of anything into anything else. Will somebody please tell me what the hell we saw that evening?

This is, after all, simply a matter of truth in advertising. It should be illegal to advertise a hard-core film, with enticing quotes from all the reviews, and deliver something about as exciting as grandmother's bunion.

If *HUSTLER* is really interested in crusading for the sexual rights of the American public, a great way to start would be some hard-hitting investigative journalism about how hard-core films are butchered without any newspaper notification whatsoever.

Finally, *HUSTLER* is terribly naive in advising that people "check the theater before going" to be sure we get the genuine article. If Larry Flynt were to call the "porn" theater just a few blocks from his own house, he'd find himself listening to a recording giving show times. Or he might reach the woman selling tickets, who knows from nothing and assures you that "Oh, yes, sir, the film is X-rated." If he were incredibly lucky, he'd get the manager, who'd play dumb and pretend not to understand the question.

Sad to say, but many poor suckers in the Columbus area probably think that they've seen *Deep Throat*, *Behind the Green Door*, *Misty Beethoven*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and the rest. *HUSTLER*, will you tell the hometown folks the truth, and will you please do something about the problem?

Name Withheld by Request
Mansfield, Ohio

In the Midwest, X-rated doesn't always mean hard core. Most people know what the standards in their communities are and thus know to what extent a movie has been edited.

SNEAKY CONNOISSEUR

Your magazine is a filthy, disgusting piece of trash. It not only sports the idea that women are merely sex objects—with fucking and sucking as their main function on this planet—but it also uses racial and sexist slurs as the object of its many sadistic, pornographic and quite distasteful cartoons. In my opinion, only sexual perverts, degenerates and derelicts would stoop so low as

to subscribe to such a decadent publication. That's why I take every precaution to purchase all my issues only from the most respectable newsstands.

Keep up the good work. It's the greatest piece of trash on the market.

J. D. Brown
Lincoln, Nebraska

LEARNING TO CUDDLE COOZE

The first *HUSTLER* I bought was the November 1975 issue, and I've been a regular customer since. I owe a lot to your magazine because it taught me just about everything I know about women and how to please them. Sure, I knew what a twat was, but who could ever see what one looked like from reading *Playboy* or *Penthouse*? And who could understand their long-winded articles?

On the other hand, your *Sex Play* topics (e.g., women's orgasms, etc.) and the *Kinky Korner* section have helped me in my sex life. Since my first issue of *HUSTLER*, I've turned 18 and lost my virginity. It was from reading your magazine that I knew what to do with women.

I love the revolutionary ideas your magazine presents. For example, my girl would love me to eat her, but her pubic hair always turned me off. So the other day I shaved her, and now we have more fun than ever. Thanks again for a great magazine, and please keep including those new ideas for the ultimate in sexual pleasure.

Teddy Bear
Mt. Olympus, New York

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Your magazine has stooped to a new low by degrading Polish Americans. Your September 1976 *Graffiti* ("Polacks: Do not eat the brown stuff in the commode—it is not beef stew!") perpetuates a negative stereotype. I believe that the cartoon violates the civil rights of Polish Americans under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and I am looking further into the matter.

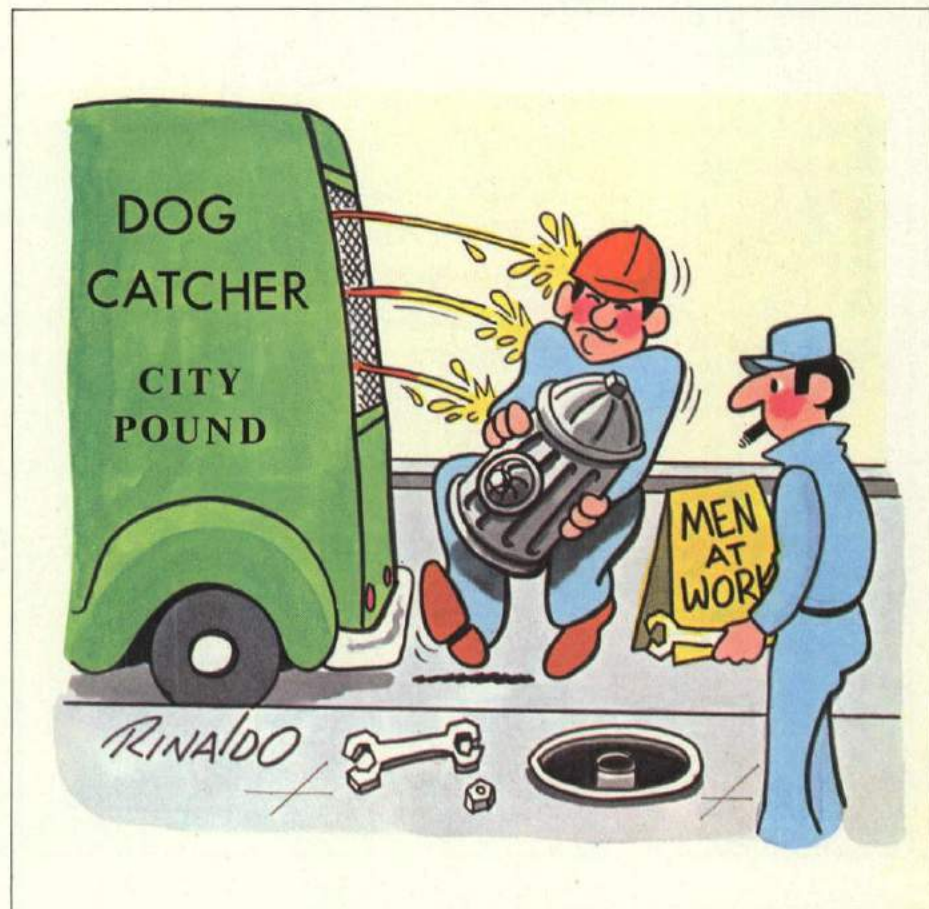
Thaddeus L. Kowalski
President, Polish American Congress
Chicago, Illinois

This letter is in protest of the racial prejudice that your magazine openly adheres to. In the last four issues there were at least 65 cartoons that depicted white people as molesters, shiteaters, flashers, eaters of diseased pussy, heartless faggots, maggots or bimbos. During that same period you had five or six cartoons that showed blacks as watermelon eaters, sitting on cop cars, and even having small penises.

I'll bet that there are just as many whites as blacks who like watermelon or who would like to shit on a cop car or who come up short. So why not let the blacks have all the glory that is depicted in the white cartoons and let us whites have human weaknesses as the brunt.

Raymond A. Johnston
Norwalk, California

Confused thinking such as yours leads to the needless criticism of HUSTLER's humor and cartoons.



ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

When my penis is flaccid, it looks like the cock of a 70-year-old man, though it's seven inches when erect. My bulge is nearly nonexistent, and I have even heard girlfriends comment on my "problem" or "operation." My paranoia has now reached such a level that future friendships, much less sexual encounters, with women seem impossible. Can I make my flaccid cock bigger, or must I resort to stuffing socks in my pants?

J. L.
Akron, Ohio

Take the socks out of your pants. You are completely adequate in size. If the women you're meeting are more interested in your bulge than

your head, they're fucked up. You can pleasantly surprise a woman when you grow to an erect size, so find one who will appreciate it.

My husband and I have been married for a year, and it's the second marriage for both of us. My first husband was sexually inconsiderate and my present husband's wife was frigid. Though I have two to five orgasms every time I make love to my present husband, he only likes to make love twice a month. I've tried everything to arouse his interest: candlelight dinners, exotic lingerie and garter belts. But nothing works. To avoid taking a lover, I masturbate a couple of times a week; but it just isn't enough. Please tell me what to do.

N. M.
Los Angeles, California

Many married couples do cut down on their lovemaking after the initial novelty and the thrill of conquest wear off. It is possible that your nonsexual relationship is unexciting, and this can carry over into the bedroom. On the other hand, your husband's response could be due to an unconscious reaction to his first wife's frigidity, a medical problem such as diabetes, a prudish upbringing, depression, aging or simply a low sex

drive. If you try to press your husband, he may react with anxiety, irritability or fear of inadequacy. Try other forms of activity like kissing, hugging and oral or manual manipulation. Work out a compromise within the limits of each other's sexual drives. However, if more sex is necessary for your well-being, find a lover. If you are discreet, or your husband is understanding, you'll solve the problem.

My husband and I are avid readers of your magazine and were especially fascinated by the pierced pussy pictures. I decided that I would like to be the first chick on the block to have pierced pussy lips, so my husband and I set out on this endeavor. We tried to numb the lips with ice, as I did when I pierced my ears, but it seemed to make the lips even more sensitive. We left the ice on for 30 minutes and got the needle halfway through, but the pain was too much. Any helpful suggestions will be appreciated.

C. E.
Columbus, Ohio

Vaginal lips have more nerve endings and veins than the earlobes, so the pain and bleeding are greater. A topical or local anesthetic, requiring a doctor's prescription, would alleviate the pain. Also, panties could chafe the area and intercourse can irritate the new piercing and create a potential for infection. Your best bet would be to find a doctor willing to do it. He can provide the anesthetic and the knowledge to do the piercing without damaging nerve endings and veins.

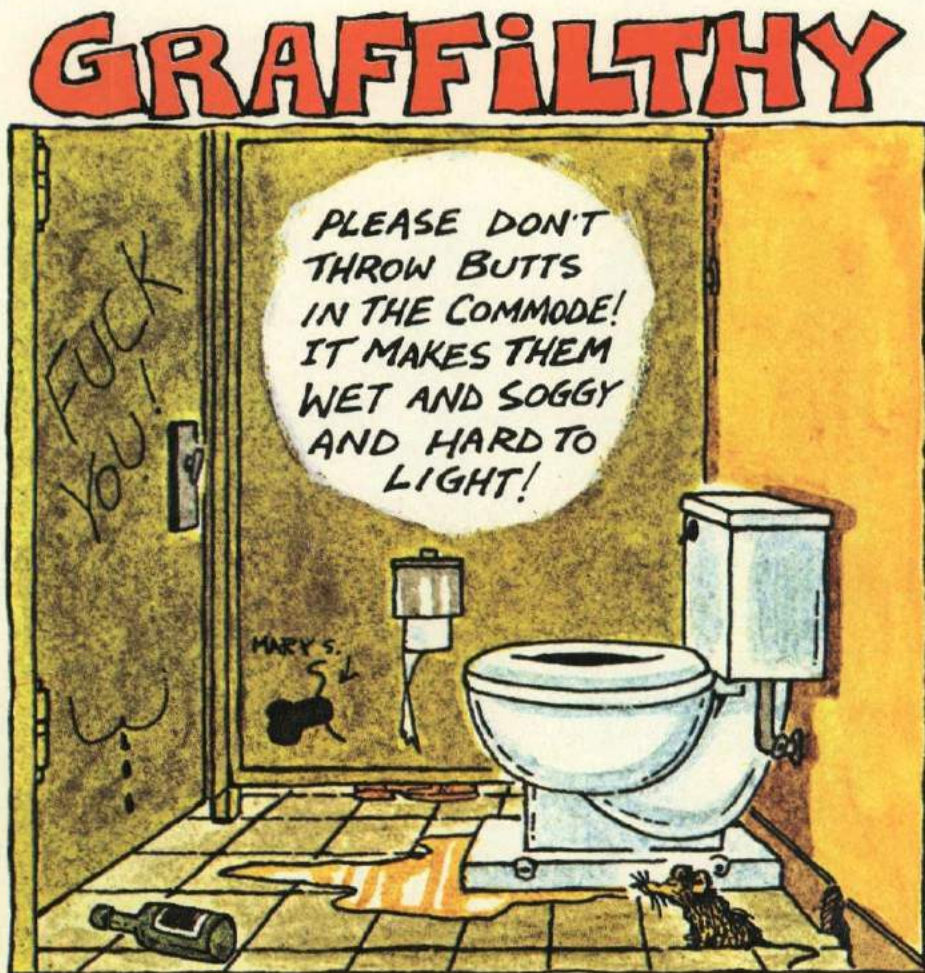
When we married, my wife said she was a virgin. Though there was some trouble getting my penis in the first time, there was no blood on it or the sheets after I had popped her supposed cherry. I asked her about it that night and several times over the past year and a half of our otherwise happy marriage. Her answer is always that there was blood when she wiped. Is she lying to me?

R. C.
Houston, Texas

If you're happily married, what the hell difference does it make? The hymen is an elastic membrane that can stretch apart and as a result will not always bleed. If the hymen is torn, the amount of blood that results varies with individuals. Your difficulty in penetration indicates that the hymen was intact and your wife is undoubtedly grateful the experience wasn't traumatic (except for your questions). You're a fool to be worried about this a year and a half after the fact.

I have been dating a chick for three months and recently we've begun to explore each other's bodies for the first time. I was just about to go down on her and perform cunnilingus when she suddenly stopped me dead in my tracks. She said that anything foreign going near her box, even saliva, gives her an unbelievable itch and an

(continued on page 109)



THANKS TO J. WADE - COLORADO SPRINGS, CO.



"Oh, my God! It's my husband!"

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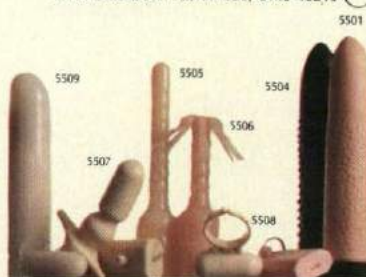
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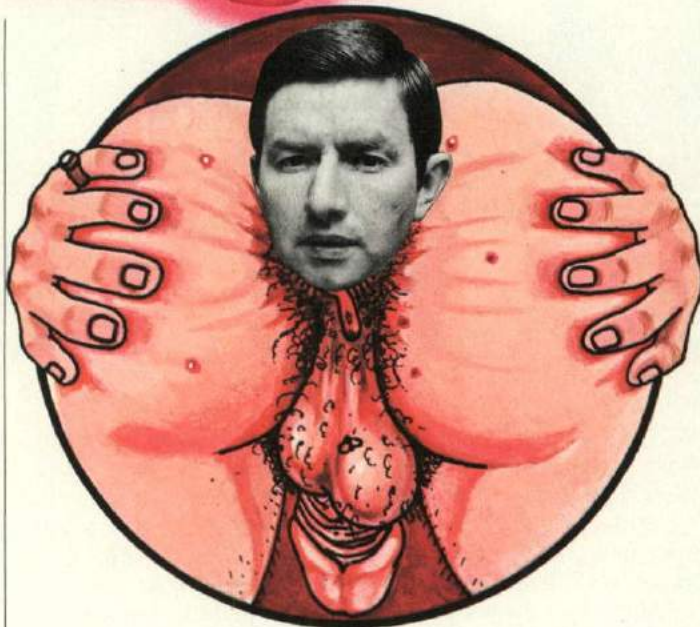
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Bits & Pieces

Last May our *Statement* was about the infamous pervert preacher Billy James Hargis. As you'll remember, Hargis ruined himself in the big money preaching racket when he admitted to screwing around with his young male followers.

We chose to write about Hargis because we believe that two-faced messiahs of his ilk are the exception rather than the rule among the clergy. Imagine our surprise when yet another outhouse savior, a Southern Baptist evangelist from Oklahoma City named Larry Jones, declared a holy war against us for picking on his pink flamingo pal Hargis. Jones indirectly accused us of running an editorial against all preachers and gave an interview to an Oklahoma City reporter in which he announced his plans to have *HUSTLER* magazine banned in retaliation.

When we called Jones, he boasted to us that a friend of his, a consultant to then-President Ford, was "encouraging, advising, and directing" him in his efforts to have us suppressed. We tried to get in touch with this "friend" before Ford left office. Not surprisingly, no one at the White House would talk with us except a secretary, who said she had scheduled appointments for Jones. On a follow-up call, an uptight female voice insisted



ASSHOLE of the month

that Jones was not known to anyone at the White House nor had he ever been there.

Since Jones has reared up on his hind legs, federal and local prosecutors in Oklahoma City have been "coincidentally" harassing news agencies, newsstands and bookstores with a "suggestion" that those magazines and books that offend Jones and his capon

crusaders be covered or removed from the shelves.

Jones actually confessed to us that he intends to make the rest of the country conform to Oklahoma City law. After all, when you're playing God, as Jones and his handful of Okie moralists are, there is no reason to do things on a small scale. We guess it's too much to ask that the reverend and his

gospel goons consider the wishes of the majority, who enjoy a little erotica now and then. Jones hopes to have thousands rally behind him so he and his lynch mob of bigots can impose their will upon millions of readers.

To our mind, a minister is a man of God, not one of the mob, and not a Hargis or a Jones playing craps with human ignorance. A real clergyman does not have time to compose horror stories for the feeble-minded about boogymen pornographers.

Let's face it. Any con man in ministerial drag can gain prestige and influence by whining for censorship and other barbaric stupidities. Many of them have even grown rich doing it. Jones is a case in point, a loud-mouthed rube hawking the scheme of compulsory morality for everyone except him and his primate flock. Any witch doctor could do the same, provided that he knows how to sound like a tough guy when talking about smut, communism and fluoridation.

It may even be that Jones thinks it will be good for us all to have his brand of moronic voodoo shoved down our throats. Not for us, thanks. To Larry Jones and the rest of the asshole-than-thou crowd who want to see freedom of the press raped: Shit in your hand and squeeze it. Amen.



Something Fishy

Underwater explorers have yet to find any sunken castles, or any of the other cute little fish-tank toys that are available in pet stores. If dolls can have cocks and cunts, why can't

aquariums be real? Cans, newspapers, bottles and trash of all sorts can provide the touch of truth your pet pond deserves. People in major cities may want to add a cement-clad body for extra emphasis. The final step in aquarium realism involves visiting local industry for some samples of their waste.

T-shirts: Fashion Coverup



The American T-shirt craze dates back to Big Daddy Roth and his hand-painted hot-rod designs. Today it has gained enough prominence to be the subject of a feature in *People* magazine, and also the source of a multimillion-dollar industry.

But *People* is too anemic to give you the full story, and you are not likely to see these transfer designs on the back cover of comic books. We thought they'd look better covering Sheila, HUSTLER's November 1976 centerfold. For example, Sheila hits the mark with this design called

"Target" from Pop Porn, 175 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1101, New York, New York 10010. Pop Porn markets some of the raunchiest shirts we've seen for \$10 a crack, or \$12 for the same graphics on pillow-cases, all in black and white.

Mail Order Specialties, P.O. Box 676, Mason City, Iowa 50401, offers a little more color in their selection of hard-core and erotic designs. Nine full-color poses on white T-shirts are available for \$9.95 apiece, plus \$1 for handling. Specialties' illustrations include magazine covers such as the HUSTLER August

1976 cover stretched across Sheila's lush, full figure.

Dunga T takes the T-shirt designs into the realm of art; each dogshit print is dated, numbered, titled and signed by Nicholas D. Moffett, a sculptor and artist who feels that dog dung belongs on T-shirts just like beer cans or corny slogans. Each of Moffett's 12 designs sells for \$7.50, plus tax, and for the patrons of the arts who collect all 12, a special 13th edition is available. Those of you who aren't as put off by the shirt as Sheila was can write the artist at DBA Dunga T,

P.O. Box 109, Ravenna, Nebraska 68869.

Nas-Tee-Shirts is offering softer sexual designs for sale in retail outlets. Sheila doesn't need to feel alone in one of these shirts. They're available in white and assorted pastel colors for the suggested retail price of \$6.50.

Now you can one-up the people sporting Fonzie's, beer cans, Do It In The Dirt, and Mabel's Cat House T-shirts. Maybe you'll get lucky enough to interest Sheila in making an even trade, and if you're good, the deal could go down in the same room.

Bamboozling Natives

Now wait a minute! These guys are supposed to be well-endowed by nature, aren't they? Why flaunt it with phony penis extenders? According to anthropologist Dr. E. Richard Sorenson, these bamboo shoots, or hollow horns called phallocrypts, are actually clothing, and these New Guinea men are embarrassed if their cocks show.

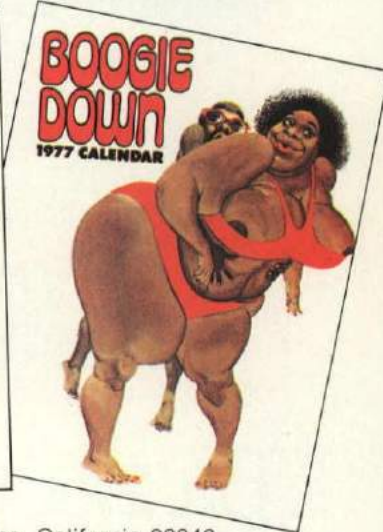
Sorenson's statement in the October 6, 1976, issue of

Sexual Medicine Today also tells us that kids in this culture are often initiated into sex by a brother or sister and that they grow up without sexual hang-ups.

There seems to be a contradiction here someplace. None of the HUSTLER staffers who fucked their brothers or sisters grew up without hang-ups, yet none of us tries to hide our cocks in pipes. Maybe it all balances out.



Off-Color Calendar



The natural rhythm of the days and months of the year is laughably marked by the various illustrations that dance through the pages of the Boogie Down 1977 Calendar, \$1.25 from Players International Publications, 8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Ange-

les, California 90046.

Looking at this calendar should have you grinning and shuffling even on the blackest of days. It's super b-a-a-a-d as you turn the pages and watch this carefree ethnic group enjoy one of their favorite pastimes.

It Makes You Disney

One thing Disneyland has little of is sex. This being the case, guerrillas from the sexual revolution have penetrated the Magic Kingdom from time to time and attempted to undermine that sterile atmosphere by flashing Mickey, feeling up Tinker Bell and groping Bambi.

However, the couple on the rocket ride are not really perverts—he'd rather pull on her pups than give Minnie an enema, and she'd rather windburn her tits than have Dumbo trunk her. These are just a couple of young, corn-fed Ohio tourists doing what everybody does away from home: T-I-T-T-I-E G-R-O-P-E. Forever let us hold your mammaries high!



Photo by Alfred Geschmidt

What's Wrong with This Picture?

Here's a hint: Her problem is caused by a protein imbalance that is rare in children her age.

Give up? Here's the answer: The nails on her right hand are much longer than the nails on her left hand.

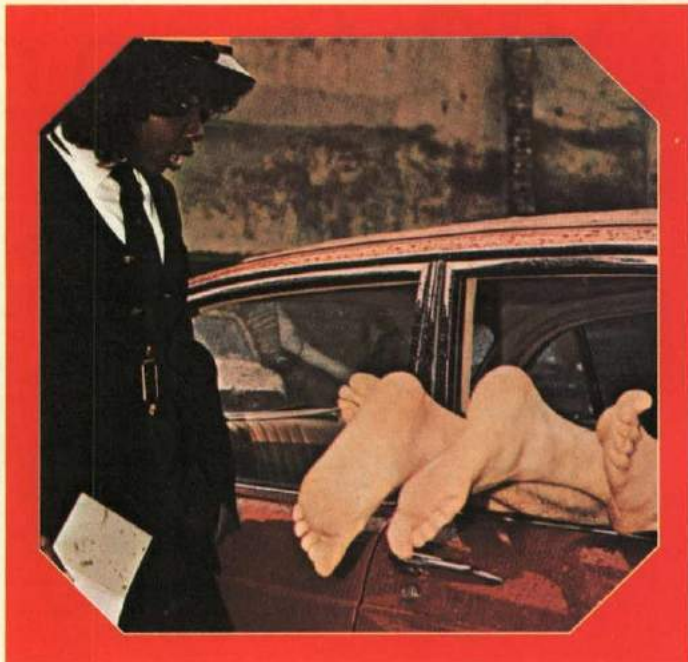


Desert Heat

We haven't been able to figure out why the names of such lesser rags as *Reader's Digest* and *Seventeen* were chosen to go along with HUSTLER's proud logo on the sides of vans like this one. Curtis Plotner, who owns the Phoenix News Agency, decided that a hot seller like HUSTLER should get as much play as possible and painted the magazine's name

on the 70 vans in his service.

We can now breathe easier knowing that the migrants to Arizona spend their time—and money—doing something other than sucking in the dry desert air. With over 25,000 copies of HUSTLER sold in Phoenix each month, it's obvious that residents of the Big Gash State are cleaning out more tubes than their bronchial.



Punching a Ticket

Things are getting strange in this car, and if the couple attached to the feet doesn't come clean they may be cited for a moving violation. This metermaid doesn't know whether to write a ticket for double-parking or to get off her tired feet and be violated herself.

This photograph is from the cover of *Sexy Confessions of a Traffic Warden*, one of a series of turn-on books with

soft-core photos available at \$1.10 each from Tabor Publications, Ltd., 3-5 Valentine Place, Blackfriars Road, London. (We advise readers to send for ordering information from foreign companies before actually sending money.) The book is typically British—dry and boring. It seems high time that the Limeys started punching up their sex lives with some genuine cockney sucking.

Bizarre Barnyard

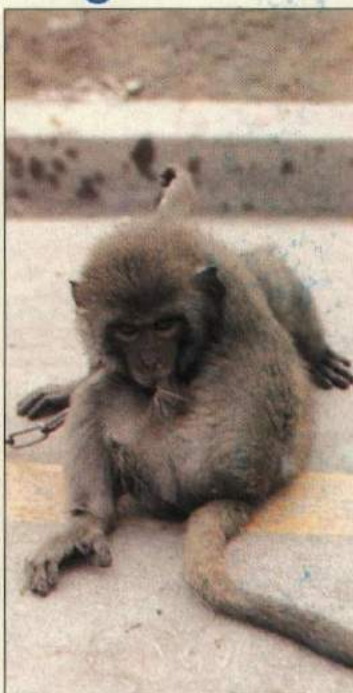


Recently, we've been keeping a close watch on animal sex, and we've become very unnerved by what we are discovering. The beasts are beginning to experiment with sophisticated kinky sex.

Who would have thought that cattle would participate in water sports? And if anybody tells you that this is a lot of bull, show them this Angus couple

as they engage in public pissy foreplay. They have also been known to get into a little bondage at roundup time, in addition to being branded as hoof fetishists.

At least these bovine degenerates don't have to play alone. Not so with the perverted primate shown here practicing autofellatio. Gaggling on his own cock could be



this monkey's way of assuring us that he speaks no evil, or he may be trying to let his trainer know that solitary confinement is taking a toll on his banana.

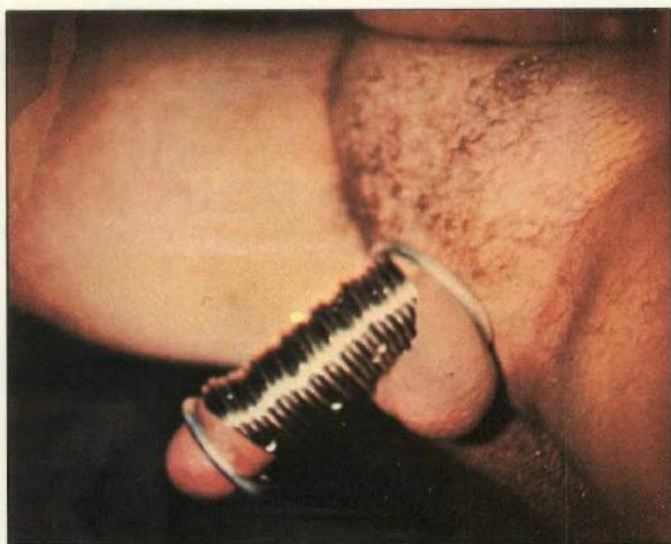
We're certain that this trend will run its course, and animals will return to more conventional forms of foreplay. But until then, we'll have to keep our ben-wa balls and dildoes out of the beasts' reach.



A Nut Case

One ball is enough for Ping-Pong, basketball, soccer and a number of other sports, so one should serve for a round of bed-balling. At least that is the message we got from these two pinecones—referring in this case to guys whose bags are stuffed with only one nut.

Although some people are testy about the subject, the lone-ball owners pictured here claim they aren't lonely and can get it up just as well as us overburdened geeks who have to carry twice as many balls. Maybe so—but can these guys still dribble?

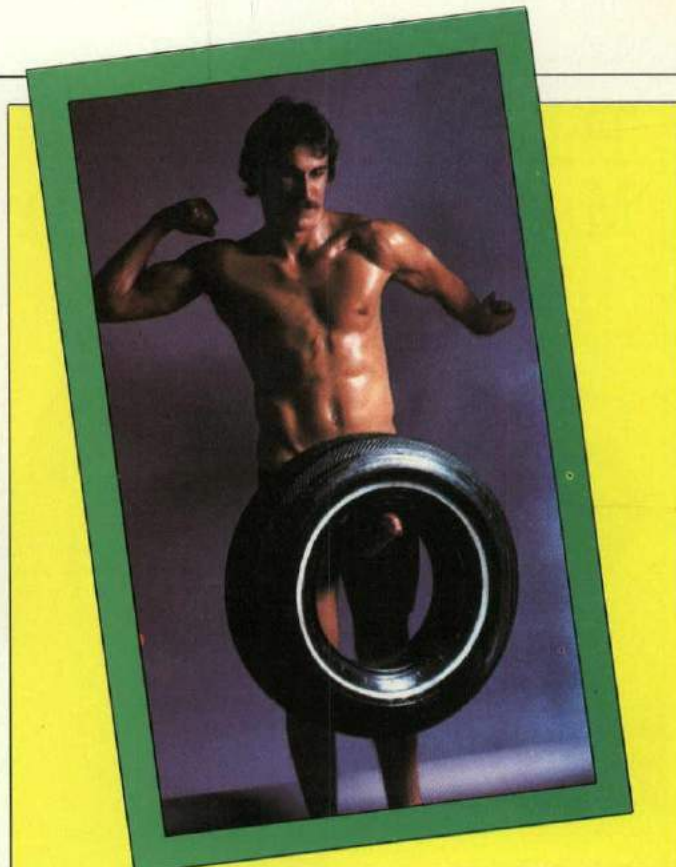


Ring around the Rosie

Guys who wear a lot of jewelry are suspect around here. How could a guy who goes in for baubles and bangles help but swish when he walks—or, for that matter, clank?

But the cock pictured here does not belong to a prancing

pink flamingo. It is the much-abused member of a devoted masochist, and anybody who chooses to live and work in Columbus, Ohio, can understand masochism. But a guy who wears 26 cock rings just because his old lady gets off on it deserves to get caught in an electrical storm and have his sheath welded to his zipper.

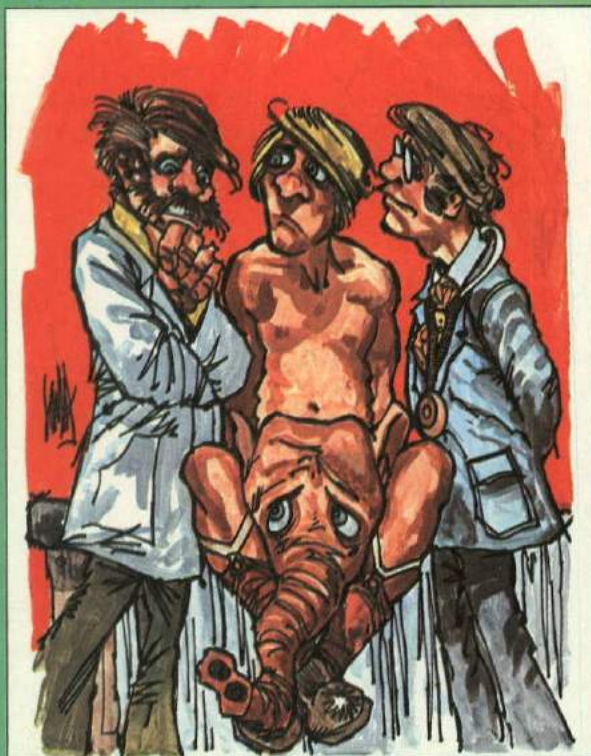


Studded Tire

Some guys are natural show-offs, but we won't be impressed with this stud until he makes the tire come. We know that developing a strong cock takes a lot of patience and hard work before you can grind your axle where the rubber meets

the road. So for the average person we don't recommend beginning with anything heavier than a bagel—at least until you're ready for advanced cock development. Frankly we find this whole business very tiring.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Yes, I've seen elephantiasis before—but not in such an advanced state!"

Lighten Your Load



You overate during the holiday season, and you've let the last few months slip by without ridding yourself of that excess weight. And all those products that pledge to purge you of "irregularity" are somehow more appealing than they were before.

We've all experienced these feelings, and the only cure is a good shit. A feeling deep in your loins stirs you, and you race for your rendezvous with the big ceramic telephone. First you test for open flames by shooting a spray of natural gas, and then, Ka-Boom, the chocolate highway erupts and a long, hard-packed sausage of shit swamps the Tidy Bowl man.

Don't you feel better? Don't you wish you'd done it a month ago?

Plunk Your Magic Twanger



Every now and then a unique specimen comes along to astonish the world. Einstein, Jerry Ford and Johnny "Wadd" Holmes, to name a few. But when this frog dragged itself into our offices one morning, we knew this was the find of the century.

In lieu of a pond, we threw froggy into a toilet in the ladies' room. The word got around very quickly, and the women lined up fast—to shake the dew off their lilies. Some of them returned several times to plant their lips on the frog prince. Such is life when froggy comes a corkin'.

Women who can't get a job at HUSTLER can order their own "Bufford Super Frog" from C&T Associates, P. O. Box 623, Clarkston, Georgia 30021. The croaker costs \$11.95, plus \$1 for postage and handling.

Run'Em Down, George



Ask any Alabama "nigra" about George Wallace's deep concern for civil rights. Then ask his trusted wife, Cornelia, about how much George and his squad of private eyes respect the right of privacy. With these things in mind, it's hard to believe that George would hit *Screw* with a \$5-million suit for invasion of privacy under a civil rights law.

George is upset that Al Goldstein's toilet-paper tabloid used a picture of him in his wheelchair for five of their back-cover ads that ran during February and March of 1976.

And hook-nosed heathen Al has reason to be upset himself. Should the court rule in George's favor, Al might have to abandon his publishing career for a less libelous job in the garment district—or he could finally take his mother's advice and marry a doctor.

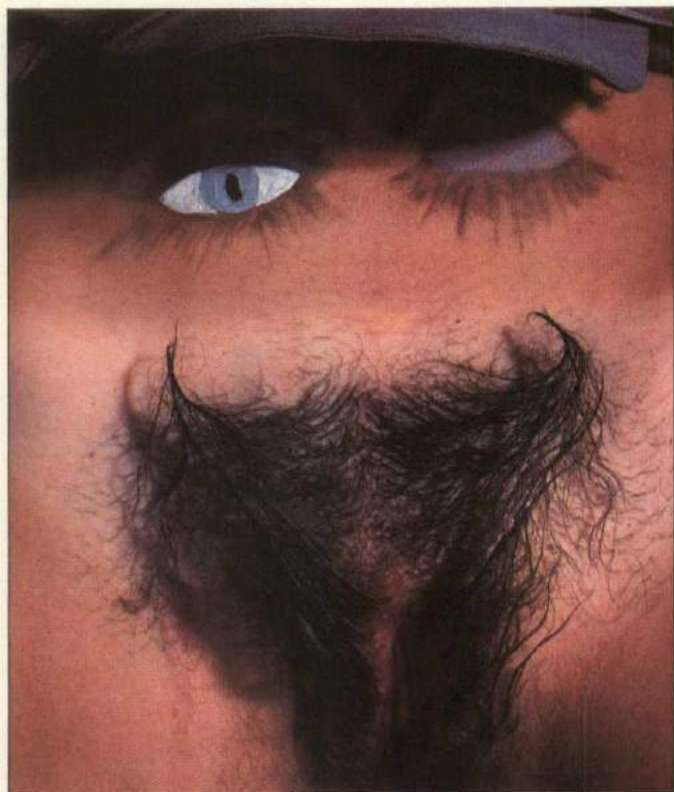
Pointed Question



Massachusetts Institute of Technology scientists were in a frenzy trying to figure out this item's use. The computers went berserk and started spitting confetti, and the cute lab assistant with the big tits was afraid to come out of the rest room. Naturally the scientists decided to ask the experts, HUSTLER's degenerate staff, for help.

Some of the female staffers suggested that the device is for guys who want to stick their cocks in a french-tickler-filled pussy while shoving a rubber shaft up their brown eye. The male staffers quickly informed them that real men don't take it up the ass. Then we posed the question to this innocent bystander and promised to give him back his clothes when he figured it out.

Anyone who is interested in an extra set of clothes, or in discovering the many uses of the Jack & Jill Bi-Sextennial sex aid (\$14.95), can contact Leisure Time Products, P.O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216. Trying to figure it out could easily top charades as a party game.



Gangster of Love

Here's a freaky character who is currently topping a few most-wanted lists. She is one of the new breed of female criminals—a mistress of many disguises—who always manages to get off after being

nailed by the dicks. How? By cracking under pressure and blowing it for her cohorts in crime.

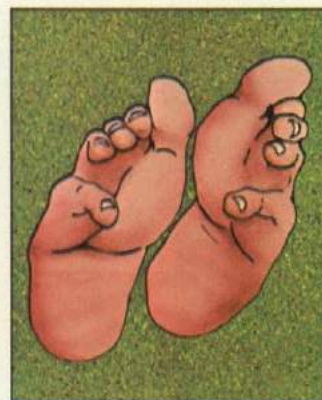
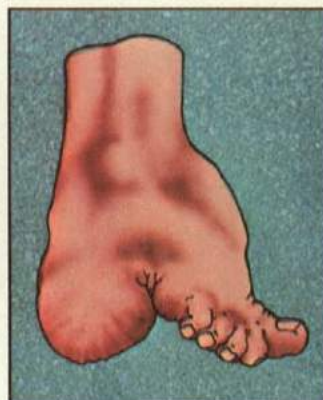
She makes it hard for men who would like to be her partner. Whenever she's involved in a stickup, there's a shooting. And she doesn't have time for amateurs who can't make her end of the split satisfying. Fuck with her, and she'll blow you away.



Bush League

Here is the answer to the dreams of all those guys who like to come away with a mouthful of hair no matter what part of their old lady they go down on. But our tufted temptress will remain a mystery lady until our dreams come true and she's showcased in a HUSTLER feature pictorial. Then all of those who get off stroking such luxurious pubic lawns can come face to face with the winner of our hairiest woman contest.

Callous Perversion



The ancient Chinese gave us gunpowder, spaghetti and the lotus foot, although the last one never caught on in Italy. The Chinese, with their very warped perception of sex, found that if they bound a little girl's feet with tight bandages for several years, by the time she reached puberty she would be sensuously crippled. The object was for a woman to have elongated toes to shove up her man's little yellow rump and fleshy crevices in her arches where he could bury his bamboo shoot.

Medieval Europeans got

their kicks by wearing the *crakow*, a shoe with a long, pointed toe, which they would use to foot-fuck one another. This type of shoe dated back to ancient Egypt, and a version of it, called the *opanka*, is now the national shoe of Greece, which is also the place where the famous saying "You'll get a foot up your ass" originated.

If you're interested in more modern—and comfortable—forms of foot sex, read *Foot and Shoe Fetishism: Sex Below the Ankles* on page 25. Then you'll be ready for some heavy toe jammin'.

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Fifty bucks and thanks go out from HUSTLER to our March *Bits & Pieces* contributors: Natt B. Chomsky, Eric Dirkson, Clay Geerdes, LART and Gale F. Wiley.

CHIC

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

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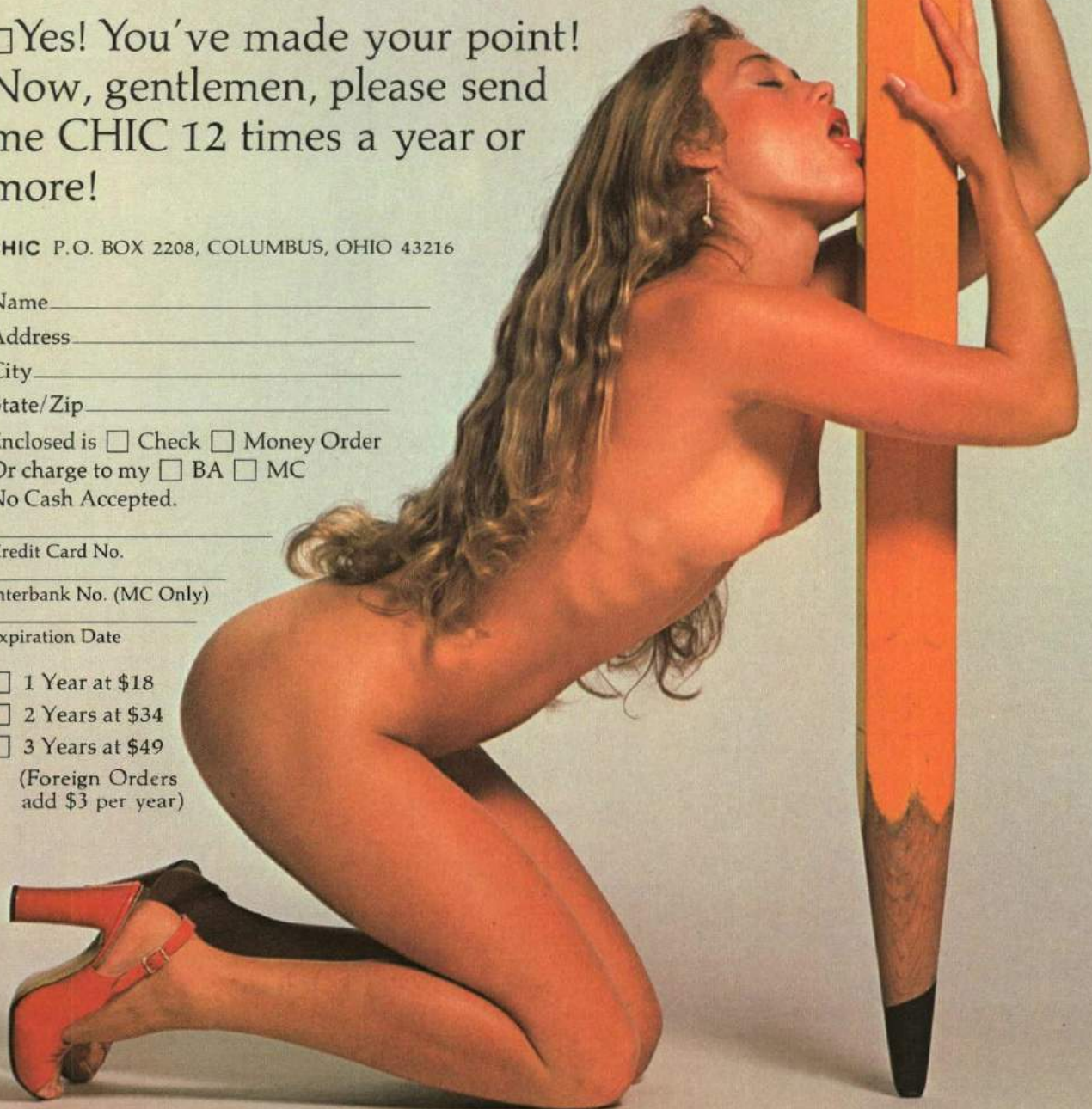
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British scientists are about to begin a yearlong clinical test of the contraceptive stamp, a small square of edible paper soaked in the same chemicals that make up birth-control pills.

The stamps will be produced in sheets, a month's supply per sheet, by Schering Chemicals, the British subsidiary of the West German firm that originally developed the drug. Prior to marketing the stamps, Schering expects to test them on more than 1000 women.

What advantages, if any, the birth-control stamp will have over the pill are not known. In any case, male delivery will probably be unaffected by the paper prophylactic.

Larry Parrish, the Memphis porn prosecutor (see HUSTLER, October '76), was booed and jeered by his fellow lawyers at a recent legal conference in Atlantic City. Parrish informed the lawyers that he'd come to acquaint them with the legal and scientific issues surrounding pornography and was said to have been genuinely surprised and hurt when they booed him off the stage.

Sharing the platform with SCREW publisher Al Goldstein (who, incidentally, was well received), Parrish whined that the atmosphere of the convention reminded him of "an adult film festival in California." Personally we can't think of anything less erotic than a gaggle of lawyers talking shop, but we guess it shows you how Parrish's mind works.

Dismissing traditional Catholic thinking on birth control, abortion and sexuality, a group of Manhattan lay people has started a sex counseling clinic designed primarily for Catholics. Joan Harriman, president of Catholic Alternatives, says she wants to take counseling out of the hands of priests and entrust it to clinically qualified counselors. "The attitudes on abortion and so forth were all created by celibate males," says Mrs. Harriman.

The group is concerned with "repressive" church policies on the issues of homo-sexuality, masturbation, sex education and marriage in the priesthood. It plans to deal with such problems as impotence, frigidity and planned parenthood and to stress that the Catholic Alternatives' staff will not treat clients but will operate a referral service to direct people to appropriate therapy.

You may as well throw away your powdered rhinoceros horn, Spanish fly and oysters. Dr. Myron Winick, professor at Columbia University's Institute of Human Nutrition, flatly states that there are no known vitamins, foodstuffs or aphrodisiacs that have any effect in stimulating sexual interest.

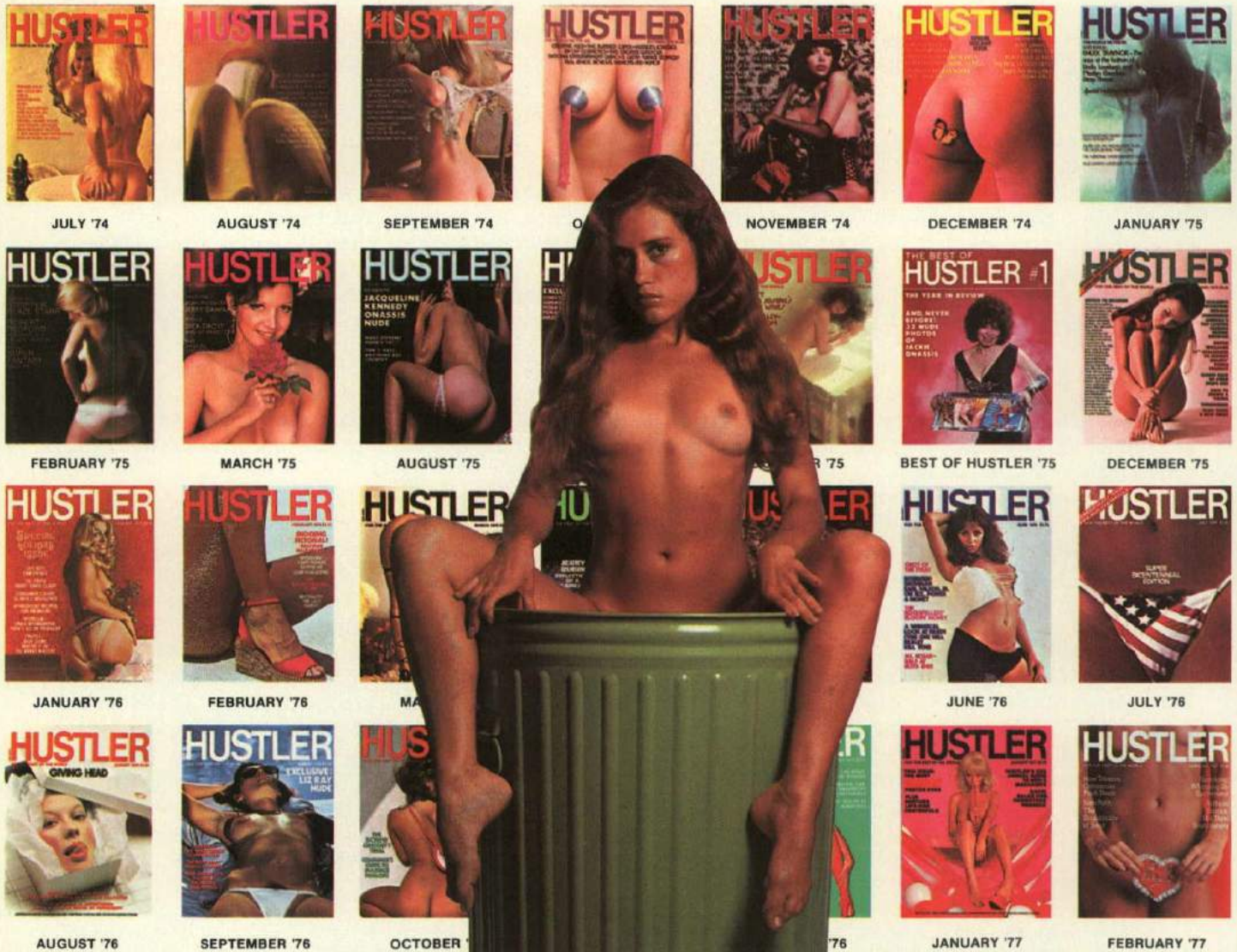
Not even the much touted vitamin E seems to do the trick, if you'll pardon the expression. Winick says the stuff apparently doesn't even warm up laboratory rats—who are notoriously eager to screw under normal conditions. However, the doctor adds, a deficiency of "E" might contribute to sexual impotence and the degeneration of the testes.

Several Los Angeles police officers have resigned following an investigation of alleged orgies that occurred on a police-sponsored campout for the Law Enforcement Explorer Girls. The Girl Scout troop for 14 to 18 year olds assists "officers in reporting possible crimes."

Captain Frank Isbell, Hollywood division LAPD, said officers who left the department aren't subject to police discipline. However, charges may be made against officers who remained on the force under suspension for their alleged role in the scandal.

The affair came to light when one of the girls, who claimed not to have taken part in the orgies, informed an L.A. newspaper. One of the officers under suspension reportedly said that the girl who turned them in did it because she was so ugly that none of the cops would fuck her.—Michael Sheeter

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Sex Play

By Michael Toohey

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles that will increase your sexual knowledge, lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—make you a better lover.

There are people who might consider my wife, Cindy, a pervert. A foot freak, to be exact. Our medicine cabinet is crammed full of foot aids that bear witness to her perversion: metatarsal cushions, foot powder and corn plasters. Cindy walks around all day long on Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles (which are like ben-wa balls to a foot freak) and soaks for hours on end in a solution of warm water and foot soap. She scrapes her calluses with a pumice stone, and she moans obscenely when her bare feet sink into a plush carpet. She paints her toenails. She corners me on the couch, plops her crimson-tipped tootsies in my lap and begs me for a massage. And she gets off on all of it.

If this behavior does not impress you as being particularly deviant, then you are as perverted as she—or as normal, depending on your perspective. The truth is that the foot is an erogenous zone that rivals the genitals in sensitivity. This applies to every one of us, whether we know it or not. Most of us don't know it—or won't admit it, even though the evidence may be overwhelming. If mommy ever sent chills up your spine during a rousing game of "This Little Piggy," you know just how sensitive your feet can be. Basically, there is no logical reason why the feet should not be included in your sex play.

Most of us have already experienced podoeroticism in various forms: in a game of footsie under the bridge table with your best friend's wife, or a foot-tickling bout that ended in a wild fuck. Often, contact with podoeroticism is too subtle to recognize. For example, you have probably been too preoccupied to notice whether your toes curl or spread during orgasm, but both reactions have been proven to be natural reflexes.

Americans are pitifully far behind the rest of the world in recognizing the sexual power of the foot and its erotic outer garment, the shoe. But in a number of European cities there are brothels that cater exclusively to

foot lovers. William A. Rossi, a former podiatrist and the editor of two footwear publications, who wrote the book *The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe* (Saturday Review Press, \$12.95), visited one such establishment: The Palace of Pedic Pleasure in London. Rossi reported that the women who staff this house are experts in all forms of pedic lovemaking, both the active and the passive. They are selected for this specialized work by virtue of their smooth, well-formed feet and long, dexterous toes, which they wield like tongues to satisfy their customers. Those men who frequent The

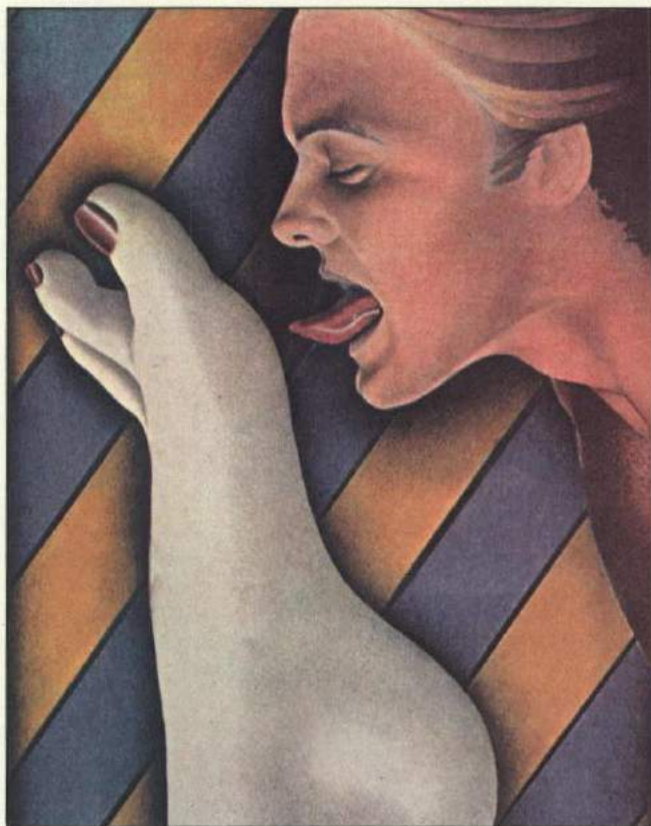
Palace of Pedic Pleasure are not, as you might suspect, foot fetishists. Rather, they are men who enjoy a lot of variety in their sex lives, much like everybody else.

But to average Americans, pedic sex is depravity on a par with bestiality and necrophilia. Actually, toe sucking and sole licking are unique and tasty practices—like eating pussy. Usually, the feet are no more crusted with toe jam than the average pussy is caked with menstrual residue. And licking your lover's feet is neither physically harmful nor inherently disgusting—except perhaps in your own mind.

A narrow attitude regarding pedic sex has endured among Americans since the days of our Puritan forefathers. It has exhibited itself most blatantly in our imperialistic put-down of the ancient Chinese custom of foot-binding—a procedure in which a young girl's toes were bent back toward the heel, resulting in a sharply curved arch and tiny foot known as the "lotus foot." Tightly wrapping their feet with bandages and imprisoning them in confining shoes brought about the desired deformity, and even though the procedure took from four to six years and was very painful and crippling, it's estimated that for centuries 40 to 50 percent of all Chinese girls' feet were bound. Among the upper classes in the cities, the incidence of foot-binding approached 100 percent.

You were probably taught in school that the lotus foot was a senseless cosmetic alteration, such as piercing or tattooing; but it was done with a specific purpose in mind: to make the foot fuckable. The ideal lotus foot was spongy and soft, and the cavellike arch made actual penetration possible. Foot fucking was so popular among Chinese men that women who lacked the lotus foot were frequently considered unfit for marriage. The lotus foot was also a mandatory prerequisite for all aspiring prostitutes.

The custom of foot-binding was so firmly entrenched in China that 19th century missionaries were loath to preach against it



Foot & Shoe FETISHISM sex below the ankles

out of fear that they would alienate the people. Eventually, however, the English and Americans who then regarded foot-binding as a cruel and barbaric practice wielded enough influence to outlaw it, and in 1902 the first government of modern China banned foot-binding. But the millions of Chinese who enjoyed pedic sex were not about to give up their pleasure easily. Foot-binding endured until as late as the mid-1930s, thus ending a practical form of birth control for the prolific Chinese.

A part of the body that appealed to millions of Chinese cannot accurately be called a fetish. But like any other good thing, foot love can be carried to extremes, and these extremes are usually what you think of when you hear the words *foot fetish*. As opposed to moderate pedic sex, foot fetishism implies a total and exclusive obsession with the foot, rather than involvement of the foot as one of many erogenous zones. Foot fetishism is frequently linked with masochism: a desire to be kicked, trod upon and otherwise humiliated beneath the foot. Nancy Sinatra referred to this pleasure when she sang the lyrics, "One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you."

Primarily, it is the masochist who enjoys licking and sucking sweaty, stinky feet. When I worked for *Fetish Times*, I received a letter from one man who serviced a half-dozen females after their tennis tournament, cleansing their toes one at a time until he had ingested all the residue of their game. Afterward, one woman took him aside and masturbated him with her feet.

Letters from foot lovers comprised by far the bulk of all the kinky mail received at *Fetish Times*. However, despite the enormous audience that apparently exists for pedic porn, few publishers and manufacturers attempted to exploit it until recently. Women are now selling pictures of their feet through ads in underground sex tabloids, and a new bimonthly newsletter called "Foot and Shoe Lovers" has finally given foot *aficionados* a forum of their own.

Exactly how does one make love to a foot? A gentle massage is a good beginning. There are certain pressure points on the foot that, when massaged or otherwise stimulated, affect other, more remote parts of the body. For example, hemorrhoids, lower rectum and prostate troubles can supposedly be relieved by massaging the back of the ankle. In Eunice D. Ingham's book *Stories the Feet Can Tell* (Arrow Publishing Company, Rochester, New York), these pressure points are charted, and the procedure is explained in detail.

A vibrator is a useful toy for giving a foot massage, providing just enough stimulation without tickling. Hitachi, Inc., manufactures

a vibrator specifically for the feet. But this is a floor model that is of little use for other parts of the body. You might want to invest in a more versatile, hand-held model.

If you massage the foot by hand, begin by squeezing laterally, working your way from the ball to the heel. Next, pull the toes one at a time, preferably until they pop. Then bend the toes back with one hand and run the knuckles of your other hand along the sole, pressing hard. When the entire foot is massaged, as opposed to a single area, you will experience an overall relaxation.

One man licked the feet of a half-dozen females after their tennis tournament.

If you're reluctant to get right down to toe-sucking, try a few light kisses. It does not take very much pressure to stimulate the sensitive nerves in the foot. The "69" position is ideal for mutual pedic sex, aligning not only head and foot but cock and cunt as well. Inserting the big toe into a cunt or asshole is another form of pedic sex enjoyed by many. Lesbians sometimes toe-fuck one another, as do male homosexuals. In Rajasthan, India, there is a painting that depicts a raja satisfying five women at once: one on his cock, one on either hand and two more astride his feet.

At a theater in Los Angeles in 1973, I viewed a short movie by Randal Kleiser entitled *Foot Fetish* that featured a pair of tennis shoes, one a man's pair, the other a woman's pair, fucking. The shoes stroked one another with their laces, kissed long and hard with their tongues and finally copulated vigorously. The film ended with the female shoes' giving birth to a baby "P-F" Flyer. It was a comedy, to be sure, but it had an underlying ring of truth—that the shoe is essentially a very sexual article of apparel.

Shoes can play an important part in one's sexual attractiveness. For instance, high heels force the back to arch slightly and the buttocks to protrude, as if the woman is poised to take it from the rear. Platforms and clogs cause her to walk in short, choppy steps, in the same way the lotus foot restricted a woman's gait. Open toes and

heels hint at nudity the way backless dresses and see-through blouses do. The fact that shoes are usually made of leather is also significant. Leather apparel has long been associated with sex.

(Some psychiatrists assert that a foot entering a shoe is symbolic of a cock entering a cunt. Writer Charles Bukowski went the psychiatrists one better by literally fucking the shoe of a departed lover [an incident that appears in *The Big Dope Reading*, this month's *HUSTLER* fiction], showing that—in his case at least—the shoe can not only be a symbol of a cunt but of a cunt itself.)

About 600 years ago, a shoe called the *crakow* (see *Bits & Pieces*, this issue) caused a stir in Western Europe, and it eventually came to be known as the most erotic shoe ever developed. It had a pointed toe that extended up to eight inches, and it often had to be stuffed to keep its erect shape. The *crakow* endured until the 15th century when Edward IV of England limited toe length of shoes to two inches.

There are many other ornaments and preparations available for the feet besides shoes. The Custom Shoe Company of Van Nuys, California, has published a catalog featuring foot jewelry, in addition to a wide assortment of spike heels and boots. Ankle bracelets and toe rings are popular items among women interested in accentuating the sex appeal of their feet. In recent years, podocosmetics have been appearing on the market to supplement the classic procedure of painting toenails. Pretty Feet, a lotion designed to soften and condition feet, has mounted an enormously successful advertising campaign in the hope of heightening the American woman's consciousness of her feet. And deodorants designed to camouflage the natural odor of the feet are available at any drugstore—assuming, of course, you find the natural odor distasteful.

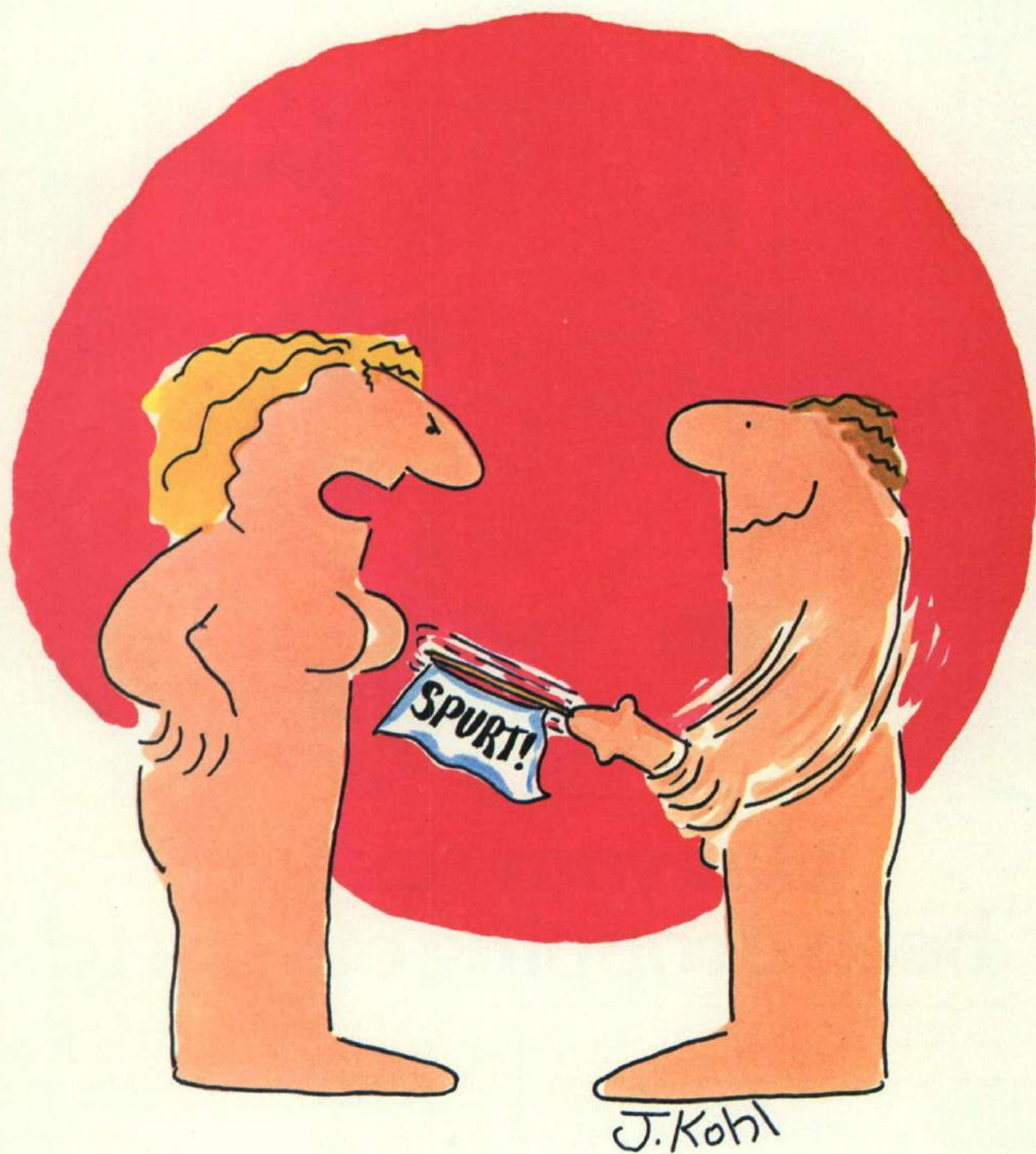
The erotic lure of the foot and shoe is undeniable, as my wife, Cindy, has proved time and again. Now it remains for you to prove it to yourself and find out firsthand that the way to your lover's heart is through the soles.

Addresses of companies mentioned:

"Foot and Shoe Lovers" and the catalog of the Custom Shoe Company are available for \$2 apiece from: Real Life, Inc., 14338 Victory Boulevard, Van Nuys, CA 91403.

Information on Pretty Feet is available from: Pretty Feet, Dept. T5, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, NJ 07470.

A copy of *Fetish Times* can be obtained for \$2 from: B&D Publishing Company, P. O. Box 7109, Van Nuys, CA 91409.



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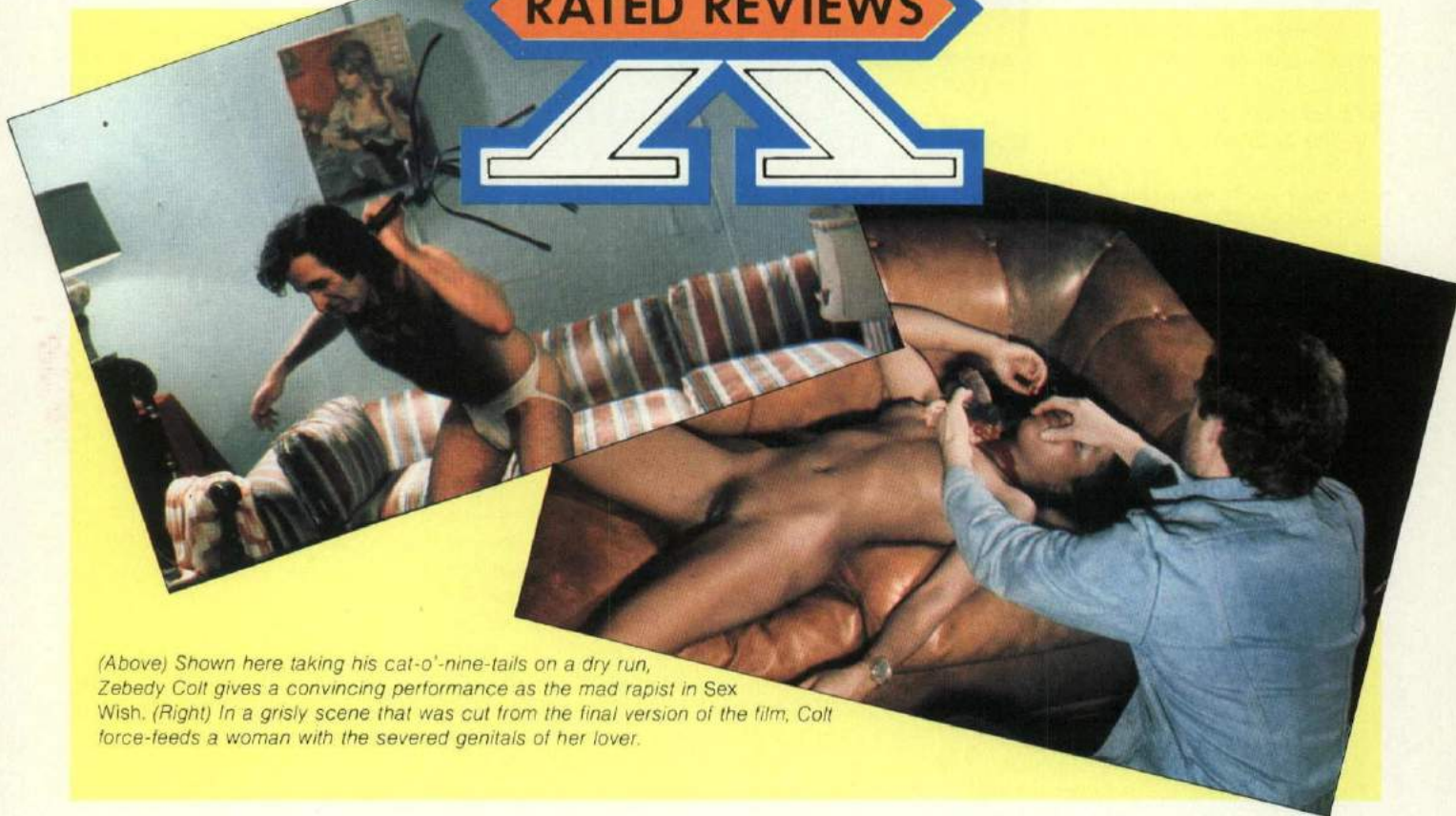
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Give Your Cock Some Character.





(Above) Shown here taking his cat-o'-nine-tails on a dry run, Zebedy Colt gives a convincing performance as the mad rapist in *Sex Wish*. (Right) In a grisly scene that was cut from the final version of the film, Colt force-feeds a woman with the severed genitals of her lover.

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

SEX WISH

This film is a badly disjointed takeoff on a Charles Bronson movie called *Death Wish*, in which Bronson's family is destroyed by a sadistic gang of rapists and he becomes an urban vigilante in New York City. *Sex Wish* is also set in New York and concerns a young woman (C.J. Laing) who is brutally raped and murdered and it is her fiancé (Harry Reems) who goes in search of the killer. *Sex Wish* is less interesting than its straight predecessor, and it would be a complete bore were it not for the incredible performance of

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

It's worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Zebedy Colt as the mad rapist.

Colt is virtually a standout throughout the film, but he hits the peak of his form when he changes into his rapist attire. First he takes a hit of amyl nitrite, then he dons a cock ring, jockstrap, jeans suit and stocking mask. Next he readies his attache case, which contains a cat-o'-nine-tails and a variety of dildoes. And finally he takes up his walking stick, which conceals a sword. Thus equipped, he forages for his next victims.

Colt speaks nonstop to his victims in the voice of a demented schoolteacher, telling them that they have been "naughty" and directing them to kiss his "pee-pee" before he fucks, whips and then murders them. In one scene, he forces a black couple to perform sexually before he kills them and

castrates the man. The castration scene takes place off camera, though in stills he is shown inserting the man's genitals in her mouth. This scene was cut from the final version, a cop-out to "good taste"; however, I don't know why, since the rest of the film is quite graphic.

Ultimately, Reems tracks the mad rapist down, but the details of the plot are trite and do not merit discussion here. In the final analysis, Zebedy Colt's powerful performance is the only solid reason for viewing this otherwise tedious film.

THE DOUBLE EXPOSURE OF HOLLY

The plot of this movie has more catches to it than a used-car warranty. Yet somehow it sorts itself out by the last scene, and what finally emerges is a well-rounded film of above-average entertainment value.

The Double Exposure of Holly is a story of a jilted lover's attempt at revenge through blackmail. Holly (Catherine Earnshaw, who resembles Sue Richards, publisher of *High Society*) is a wealthy married woman who has traded in her old lover for a newer model. So, in order to blackmail the pair, the cast-off boyfriend (Ronan O'Casey), arranges for a gangster's junkie girlfriend (Terri Hall) and a self-assured stud (Jamie Gillis) to bug Holly and her new lover's hotel room and to film their fuck fest.

Holly's story line bounces around like beans in a blender, yet remains interesting mainly because of the tension among the characters. Gillis and Hall play well off each other: "You know that I'm not exactly unattractive," he says. "That's exactly what you are," she replies. Hall yearns for a better relationship where "people are nice to each other" but instead settles for heroin dreams and rough and tumble sex near the end of the film.

Gillis is the bad boy of porn films. Actors like Harry Reems



Jailbait Tina Lynn enjoys the sticky stuff in Carter Stevens's new film.

are cast as gentle and considerate lovers, while Gillis is frequently depicted dominating his women. At one point in *Holly*, two hookers who are bent on ravaging Gillis begin pushing him all over the bed. But the scene ends in typical Gillis fashion as Jamie shoots his semen all over their faces.

Although the movie centers on Holly's escapades, Gillis and Hall continue to steal the limelight. Hall gives the finest performance of her career in this film. She is particularly effective in one sequence in which her heroin-hungry body cries out for a quick fix, so she calls her pusher, Angel, who is perfectly played by Bobby Astyr. But Hall's gangster boyfriend, who gets wind of the transaction and disapproves, snuffs Angel and an unlucky black cop, who happens to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Afterward, the gangster rationalizes that the cop "was only a nigger." Nice guy. But he receives his in the end, since the movie is a morality tale

wherein the innocent and the victimized get off the hook while the guilty—including Holly—get what they deserve.

Despite the occasional overacting and the cliché-ridden dialog, there are some flashes of professionalism in every aspect of this movie. The color quality is excellent, and the camera work is often skillful. However, the sex scenes are not particularly inventive, but they have been well edited into the flow of the complex plot.

Because of its lackluster sex, *The Double Exposure of Holly* does not get HUSTLER's highest rating. Nevertheless, it is a film that could easily rank as one of the year's ten best.

JAIL BAIT

Jail Bait, the most recent film from director Carter Stevens (*Rollerbabies* and *Teenage Twins*), serves up large doses of varied sex along with a mediocre plot. On the whole,



Is Holly star Catherine Earnshaw really a moonlighting Sue Richards?

the film is not spectacular. But these days even "mediocre" products have seemed a lot to ask of erotic filmmakers, who have been getting away with peddling pure horseshit to their specialized audience.

Naturally, the jailbait of the film's title is well past the age of consent. Her name is Tina Lynn, a porn newcomer with a near-perfect body that should hold your carnal interest. But she is not introduced until the second half of this film, and so the first half suffers somewhat without her very provocative presence. Still, this medium-budget color film (25 to 50-thousand-dollar range) offers enough attractive players to sustain you until tight Tina finally shows up onscreen.

The story begins with Ron Wade (Wade Nichols) who lives off an allowance given to him by his wealthy wife, June (Sharon Mitchell). June uses her marriage as a front to cover up her secret lesbian activity, which not even Ron is aware of. June is active in youth and charity work, an occupation that provides her with an almost endless supply of young girls to molest.

Ron is perhaps ignorant of his wife's sexual preferences because his own sexual escapades leave him little time to notice her doings. Besides his wife, Ron fucks his mistress, his young niece, Susan, and of course, jailbait Tina. But randy Ron, always on the prowl for pussy, is not satisfied with his bevy of bush, so he becomes a peeping tom and looks in on a teenage record party. There he eyeballs one young lady with a set of latex labia, which are so long she can literally tie them into a knot. To conclude her freak act, she plays a little ditty on the piano with her talented twat.

One of the most memorable parts of the film is a blow-job scene in which Tina is forced to extract Ron's cock from his pants with her teeth while she kneels down in front of him in shackles. Inventive sex, good photography and the beautiful Tina Lynn make *Jail Bait* a pleasant viewing experience.



Human tripod John Holmes operates on a willing patient in *Love in Strange Places*, a tale of asylum sex.

KINKORAMA

Lasse Braun is a European filmmaker whose most noteworthy works have been cartoon shorts and some bizarre 8mm loops, which may explain the problem with *Kinkorama*: The film is not nearly as bizarre as the title suggests. Actually, it is a loosely-pieced-together mess of what appear to be outtakes from Braun's previous films wrapped around a flimsy story. This movie should have been called *Craporama*.

The plot, if that's what you want to call it, revolves around a sexually incompatible couple and their visit to a female sex therapist in order to resolve their problem. The sex therapy element seems to be an excuse to insert so-called kinky scenes in the form of instructive films shown to the carnally ailing couple.

These film clips, which are supposed to illustrate the entire gamut of human sexuality, are lame depictions of people licking feet, pissing, peeking in windows and pretending to whip one another. This blatant-

ly bogus segment, with narration provided by a dropout from the Henny Youngman School of Comedy, is one reason to boycott this film. Another reason is the way Lasse Braun profanes several beautiful European women—including the foxy Brigitte Maier—by exhibiting them in a few scenes of this out-of-focus piece of shit.

LOVE IN STRANGE PLACES

The strangest thing about this film is John Holmes. If there is a cosmic balance in the universe, then there are four men walking around with undersized cocks because of John's incredible endowment. At this point in his film career, he has probably appeared in over a hundred loops and feature films; he has dipped into miles of vaginal canals, yet he is still amazing—if only as a side-show attraction.

John is the main attraction in this film, which is set on an

urban funny farm, or rather a "Hospital for the Sexually Insane." There is absolutely no difference between the doctors and patients in this place, since everyone is constantly in heat. The film is supposed to be a zany, laugh-a-minute comedy, but as the last scene—an orgy that involves the entire cast—unfolded, most of the screening audience was still waiting for laugh number one.

However, if you are a John Holmes fan, you'll see plenty of in-and-out activity plus an attractive black woman cast as a crazy Cleopatra who takes another woman's entire hand into her hot muff. Such cuntal gymnastics contribute to the freak-show quality of the film.

The rest of the cast provides a steady stream of sex, often in costume. I suppose that the outlandish costumes—Napoleon and Josephine, Caesar and Cleopatra, the Marquis de Sade and Justine—were probably intended to be humorous. But they are neither funny nor a turn-on.

Basically this film has only one thing going for it—the Eighth Wonder of the World, John Holmes. 🍆

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

🍆 Erection

3 A.M.
Autobiography of a Flea
Cry for Cindy
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)
Diversions
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the Senses
Midnight Desires
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

🍆 Three-Quarters Erect

Candy's Candy
China de Sade
Farewell Scarlet
Honey Pie
Hot Summer in the City
That Lady from Rio
The Joy of Letting Go
Temptations
Virgin Snow

🍆 Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice
Blowdry
C. B. Mamas
China Lust
Dixie
Easy Alice
Gums
Little Orphan Sammy
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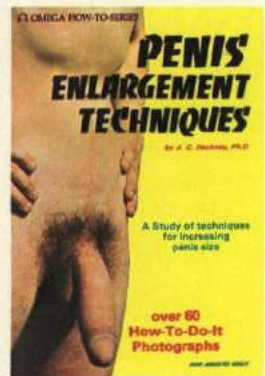
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BOOKS

Edited by Michael Toohey

THE RUTLAND DIRTY WEEKEND BOOK

By Eric Idle
Two Continents Publishing
Group, Ltd.
30 East 42nd St.
New York, NY 10017
\$6.95



TITTERS

Edited by Deanne Stillman
and Anne Beatts
Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.
866 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10022
\$7.95



The Rutland Dirty Weekend Book is a product of the twisted mind of Eric Idle, a member of Monty Python, a British comedy group on a par with The Not Ready for Prime Time Players or, for that matter, any of the political parties in this country. Idle's book displays the same off-the-wall type of humor that Monty Python has become famous for. But some American readers may find *Rutland* a bit too limey—which is to say unfunny—for colonial tastes, since much of the humor is intrinsically British.

However, in addition to the jokes about politico Jeremy Thorpe, Ms. Margaret Thatcher and the British Army, there are features like an interview with Richard Nixon entitled "Two Years After" and Gerald Ford's "How to Stand Up." Idle also explores the idiocy of television. For instance, his *RTV Times* is a take-off on the British equivalent of *TV Guide* and lists such programs as: "The High Colonic," a western "set in the Anal Region of Colorado"; and a detective show that's entitled "Kotex."

As the title of the book implies, there is a lot of sexual content. But despite a warning stamped on the cover ("This book may make you feel a bit



(Top) Eric Idle pokes fun at the gay-stapo. (Bottom) Illustration from *Titters*: some fond memories of stinky fingers and sticky Jockey shorts.

horny"), *Rutland* is not a turn-on. Sex is played for laughs, as in the feature "The Vatican Sex Manual," which shows the best positions for *not* having sex.

Rutland suffers from a cultural lag, but that should not bother anyone who is fairly well versed in British slang, customs and current events. However, the reader who is not may come away from this book feeling like a bloody twit.

The women's movement, on the other hand, is familiar to all

of us. Some favor it; others are against it. Until now, few have found it a laughing matter.

Titters: The First Collection of Humor by Women, is a genuinely funny book in spite of its seemingly contradictory title (humor by women?). The book satirizes everything feminine, from menstruation to *Ms.* magazine, and does it with a self-mocking attitude that is rarely displayed by feminists. It's a refreshing change from all the usual heavy-handed prop-

aganda dished up by women's liberation advocates.

Titters is not only twice as lengthy as *Rutland*, but in my opinion it's twice as funny. The book has a few weak spots, such as "Pimento," Deanne Stillman's tedious parody of Lillian Hellman's memoir *Pen-timento*, but there is enough hilarity provided by dozens of truly talented women, like Emily Prager and Gilda Radner, to more than make up for Ms. Stillman's stumbling narrative.

THE VIRILITY FACTOR

By Robert Bahr
G. P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016
\$8.95



Robert Bahr's book is the first comprehensive study of the male sex hormone, testosterone, that has been written for the layman. In it, Bahr reveals that testosterone is unable to cure all cases of impotence, it will not reverse homosexual tendencies for everyone nor will it cure depression for all men. What then will it do? It will speed the growth of already developed cancer tissue. And a deficiency of testosterone during the fetal stage may have a bearing on whether or not a child will eventually become a homosexual.

If you've been considering hormone treatment as a cure for some physical or psychological malady, you might find *The Virility Factor* to be useful in helping you make up your mind. Likewise, if you're wondering to what extent your gonads govern your behavior and your looks, you might peruse this book.

The text is heavy with scientific data and cumbersome to read. But Bahr is a scientific writer, not a novelist, and what he does, he does well. Still, if you're looking for entertainment, consider yourself forewarned: Reading *The Virility Factor* is about as enjoyable as a kick in the nuts.

THE CHOIRBOYS

By Joseph Wambaugh
Dell Publishing Co., Inc.
One Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
New York, NY 10017
\$2.25

Joseph Wambaugh is certainly the acknowledged dean of cop-story tellers. His books *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight* gained him such fame that he found it was too difficult to continue as a beat cop. Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis was pissed when *Centurions* was published because he hadn't had a chance to review the manuscript beforehand. Davis was more than

happy when Wambaugh finally left the police force to write full time. Wambaugh's books, movies and TV shows, which reveal what cops really do on and off duty, no doubt might make Ed Davis lose control of his puckered asshole.

Wambaugh's latest novel is by far his best. It deals with the day-to-day duties of ten Los Angeles cops at a division run by pompous bureaucrats—not unlike Chief Davis. But more specifically, it deals with how the cops drink and fuck away the tension brought on by their constant exposure to the sordid side of life. They call their late-night booze fests "Choir Practice," and the cops themselves are the "Choirboys" of

the book's title. Among them are: Father Willie Wright, a Caspar Milquetoast-type cop whose prim wife distributes *Watchtower* magazine door to door and leaves her husband horny most of the time; Calvin Potts and Francis Tanaguchi, a black and a Jap (who aspires to be a Mexican), known respectively as "The Spook and the Gook"; Spermy Whale, an elephant of a cop who occasionally takes a little time off from his duties for "a little skull" from one of his streetwalker acquaintances; and then finally Roscoe Rules, the meanest cop in the world, who would just as soon knee-drop you and make you "do the chicken" as look at you. The Choir Prac-

tices begin when the night shift ends and continue until the last Choirboy is too drunk to stand up or "ride the train" that's pulled by Carolina Moon or Ora Lee Tingle, a couple of young groupies who boast "...we sucked off more cops than the police wives' association."

This book has everything you'd want in contemporary fiction: sex, violence, humor, inner turmoil and mystery. But most of all, it has a ring of truth because it is based on hundreds of true incidents. We know that Wambaugh has experienced firsthand the life of a cop, so it's easy to accept *The Choirboys* as fact rather than fiction.

—Tim Conaway



(Left) A 1940s chorus line dances to the slap of palm on pud. (Above) A French flapper thumbs her nose at censors.

100 YEARS OF EROTICA

By Paul Aratow
Straight Arrow Books
Distr.: Wehman Bros, Inc.
Dept. D
Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927
\$10

If last month's feature "Antique Erotica" sparked your interest in vintage smut and you'd like to obtain some of our fore-

fathers' forbidden fruit, you're in luck. Although originals are understandably hard to find, filmmaker Paul Aratow has assembled a collection of some of the oldest and hardest filthy photos ever to raise a hard-on.

100 Years of Erotica (currently out of print but still available for \$10 plus 50¢ postage through Wehman Bros., Inc.) contains the stuff that your father, grandfather and great-grandfather blew their wads over. The photographs span

the years 1845 to 1945 and are categorized according to the acts they depict: straight fucking, lesbians, blow jobs, group scenes and just ordinary leg spreads. Most are remarkably clear, considering the age of the photos, and the book is appealingly laid out like an old family album. The approximate dates and countries of origin are given whenever possible, but there are very few words in the book to interfere with the nostalgic thrill provided by all

those delightful fornicators of the past. A short narrative by Aratow gives a brief history of fuckee-suckee photos, but for the most part the visuals speak for themselves.

Some of you might consider *100 Years of Erotica* to be just classy enough to qualify as a coffee table book. Of course, it would have to be removed whenever grandma came to visit. It might embarrass her to thumb through it and find her own picture. 📷



"I trust your intentions toward my daughter are strictly honorable."

Nikki

SNOWBALL





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Nikki is anything but an icebox. Whether she's frolicking on a mountain of snow or a mound of soap chips, she is always warm and slushy where it counts. This Boulder, Colorado, coed learned to ski at nearby Vail, Gerald Ford's favorite winter resort. And judging by her unique style, we wouldn't be too surprised if the former president gave her a few lessons.

Nikki's favorite fantasy is of having sex while skiing. "But for



me that would be impossible," she laments, "since I'm such a bad skier to begin with." Once, though, she and a professional skier from Sapporo, Japan, tried to fuck while riding a chair lift in broad daylight. But the nippy weather and numerous onlookers frustrated her only attempt at sex on the slopes.

Although her technique is far from perfect, Nikki still likes the challenge of going down with the best hot dogs—even if they do finish first.









HUSTLER PROFILE: WILLIAM LOEB The Pursuit of Power

Profile by Ben Steffens

Thomas Jefferson, the nation's third president, in a letter to Col. Edward Carrington, dated January 16, 1787, said: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Jefferson pointed out that "...the basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right."

This may have been a justifiable observation in Thomas Jefferson's time, when nearly everyone who owned a printing press could be a newspaper publisher and offer widely divergent points of view on any matter to the general public.

It may even have been valid at the turn of this century when the United States had 2200 daily newspapers and a population of 76 million people.

However, one wonders what President Jefferson would say today when there are only 1813 daily newspapers in America serving over 220 million people. It goes without saying that the voice of the people is being heard less and less, and the voices of the owners of the newspapers are heard more and more.

Nowhere in the 50 states is the voice of the newspaper owner heard more loudly or in such shrill tones as in the state of New Hampshire. That state's news media is presided over by nonresident publisher William Loeb, who resides in Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts, and has a legal residence in Reno, Nevada.

The daily Page One editorials by the publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader* and the *New Hampshire Sunday News* are no laughing matter in the Granite State. Loeb publishes the state's only morning newspaper, its only Sunday newspaper and the city of Manchester's only paper. The combined circulation is approximately 100,000. The clincher in the situation is that Loeb is without significant competition.

The state's geography makes competition from the broadcast media difficult. The White Mountains in New Hampshire's northern reaches prevent transmission of a single commercial television or radio station from covering the state. Those in the southern sections of the state rely on Boston's radio and television transmissions. In the north, the television signals are received from Portland, Maine; Burlington, Vermont; and Montreal, Quebec.

Any New Hampshire resident who wants to read about his state government has little choice but to rely on the Manchester newspapers. Both of the major newspapers in New Hampshire are controlled by Loeb, and he basically limits the reporting of the news to his own interpretation of events that he deems relevant.

What makes this situation significant nationally is the fact that New Hampshire has the first-in-the-nation presidential primary every four years. This gives the small state of New Hampshire, which ranks 41st in population, a disproportionate influence in selecting our president. Since World War II, no one has been elected president who has not first won his party's New Hampshire primary. William Loeb's papers have the largest circulation in that state, and they are therefore capable of wielding incredible power and influence over the rest of our country.

For example, Richard Nixon won a cakewalk in the 1972 New Hampshire Republican primary. Edmund Muskie, though he won that state's Democratic primary, was decimated as a future presidential possibility after his tearful crackup on a flatbed truck in front of the Union Leader Building. George McGovern went on to take the Democratic nomination after a second-place finish in New Hampshire and met defeat in the November election.

Eugene McCarthy gained the support of college kids and intellectuals for his 1968 presidential bid. He won 42 percent of the Democratic vote in the New Hampshire primary. Nevertheless, he lost out to Hubert Humphrey on the first ballot at the Democratic convention. Nixon easily won the primary in New Hampshire. "Tricky Dicky" faced Hubert Humphrey in November and won.

In 1964, while President Lyndon Johnson was waltzing to Democratic primary victory in New Hampshire, the Republicans were having a knock-down, drag-out fight. Nelson Rockefeller, Barry Goldwater and George Romney were the major contenders. But Henry Cabot Lodge won a dramatic write-in victory in New Hampshire, and Goldwater, who eventually won the Republican nomination, finished behind Johnson in the election. Loeb had taken care of both Rocky and Goldwater, dubbing Rockefeller a "wife swapper" and rapping Goldwater because the candidate had rapped Jimmy Hoffa, the man who had once made it possible for Loeb to get a \$2,000,000 loan from the Teamsters Union Pension Fund.

Obviously aware of the power of the New Hampshire primaries, Loeb has used every device at his disposal to persuade the population to vote for his favorites in these elections. Loeb has even made up malicious nicknames for political candidates he doesn't approve of: Hubert "Horatio Hornblower" Humphrey, Eugene "Skunk's skunk's skunk" McCarthy, "Yellow" George McGovern, and so on.

* * *

How did William Loeb get to where he is today? How did he come into such a potentially powerful position?

William Loeb, Sr., had been a part-time telegraph clerk who eventually became executive secretary to President Theodore Roosevelt in those days when a president had a personal staff of 12 or 15 people.

Loeb, Jr., was therefore born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His parents doted on him and he even had a president looking out for his well-being—his godfather, Teddy Roosevelt. One of Roosevelt's last official acts was to make Loeb's father a Collector of Customs of the Port of New York. The senior Loeb went on to amass a small fortune on Wall Street before he died in 1937.

It was probably during one of Roosevelt's annual reunions of the "Rough Riders" of the Spanish-American War that Loeb's father had met Col. Frank Knox. The colonel was originally a Michigan newspaperman. He went to New Hampshire in 1912 to found the *Manchester Evening Leader* because Teddy Roosevelt needed newspaper support when he ran for the presidency on the Bull Moose ticket. The *Evening Leader* flourished even though Roosevelt lost the election. It later became the base on which Knox founded the Union-Leader Publishing Company. Knox died in 1944 and his widow inherited what had by then become the *Manchester Union Leader*.

By this time, the young Loeb was running two small dailies in Vermont, the *Burlington Daily News* and the *St. Albans Daily Messenger*. His mother had advanced him enough money to buy the *St. Albans* paper in 1941 and by 1942 he had scrounged up the funds to purchase the *Burlington* paper. Backed by his family's money, he cut quite a figure in the small Vermont cities before he decided to seize the opportunity to buy the *Manchester* newspaper. When he showed an interest in purchasing it, the widow Knox let the widow Loeb buy it for her son in late 1946 for a little over a million dollars. Loeb didn't have enough for the basic purchase price, so he enticed the Ridder family to become his

Loeb's position was clear: Let Hof

partners. It soon became obvious to the Ridders that they would have little or no voice in the operation of the newspaper, so Loeb got another partner named Leonard Finder. Perhaps Loeb's solid support of the late Senator Styles Bridges influenced Bridges's administrative assistant to intercede for him with a big Hartford, Connecticut, insurance firm; which guaranteed him enough of a loan to buy out Finder once the paper was on its feet.

Loeb's voice in the media has been getting more powerful ever since. He portrays himself as God's agent on earth, ever waving the flag and raising ultraconservative hell. But his public image notwithstanding, what is Loeb really like?

Loeb married Elizabeth V. Nagy when he was a student at Williams College and she was an instructor at Smith College. They roamed the East for a year after he got his degree in 1927 and then settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Loeb enrolled as a student at Harvard Law School. The marriage lasted until the novelty apparently wore off. Soon Loeb quit school and went back to mother and father in New York. His young wife attempted to follow him and ended in a lodging house near the Loeb's family home.

She sued Loeb for divorce in 1932, alleging adultery during their Cambridge days. (The only grounds for divorce in New York State until the late 1960s was adultery beyond a reasonable doubt.) The press commented that she had a private eye on him and he had a private eye on her. Apparently each one suspected the other.

Loeb's wife also sued the senior Loeb for alienation of affection and this case was heard concurrently with the divorce action. Loeb's wife won on both counts.

Five years later, Loeb's father died, and he began playing with the old man's investments, which his mother had inherited. He became a director of the Reo Motor Car Company. However, when he attempted to reorganize the control of it, he failed miserably and was not reelected to the directorship. Like many young men of his generation, Loeb even flirted with socialism and became involved with a bunch of "parlor pinks" led by the former president of Mount Holyoke College, Mary Woolley.

Loeb then very quietly acquired a new wife, Eleanore McAllister. She was employed as a riding instructor at a Virginia school for young ladies and was rarely on the scene. Her absence was very convenient for him because Loeb was quite the ladies' man and kept company with Nackey Scripps Gallowhur, an heiress to a large fortune whose husband owned Skol suntan lotion and Skat insect repellent. They were seen together at dinner parties, in spite of the fact that Loeb's wife was pregnant.

His wife gave birth to a daughter in Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1948. But it was not long afterward—less than a year—that Loeb was arrested and spent a night in jail in Woodstock, Vermont. He spent the night in jail because an alienation of affection suit had been filed by Mr. Gallowhur and an old Vermont law permitted his arrest even though it was a civil action. He had had enough.

Finally, Nackey and Loeb went to Reno. They divorced their respective spouses and married each other. To this day, Reno is their legal residence.

However, Loeb couldn't run his newspapers from Reno, so he and Nackey bought a home in Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts. That was near enough to take the daily pulse of the populace—enough for a Page One editorial, that is.

In the 1950s, Loeb tried to start a daily newspaper in Haverhill, Massachusetts, not far from his Pride's Crossing estate. This move was blocked by an antitrust judgment in federal court. The suit was brought by a group called Newspapers of New England, Incorporated, a group of daily newspaper publishers that had watched Loeb go into Haverhill to start a competing paper while the *Gazette*, the established daily, was limping along under a strike. Needless to say, the other publishers all realized, "There,

but for the grace of God, go I." To protect their own interests, they banded together to help the beleaguered *Gazette*.

At that time it was brought to light that Loeb had certain advertisers in the city of Haverhill on his payroll as members of an advisory board. They would do most of their advertising in Loeb's paper, rather than in the competing *Gazette*, and thereby effectively force their business competition to do the same. The federal court judge didn't think that was such a hot idea especially since such tactics violated the Sherman Antitrust Act. Loeb lost the court decision and to pay for his crime he had to come up with \$1,250,000 in a hurry.

Loeb was still suffering from the repercussions of his near financial disaster in Burlington and the bad rapping he got from his former partners, the Ridders and Finder. Loeb was essentially shut off from established lending organizations. One of the best available sources for such a large sum on short notice was Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Pension Fund.

The Teamsters have never had a reputation for being stupid. To have such influence in a newspaper that essentially controlled a pivotal primary state like New Hampshire was made to order for Hoffa and his union lieutenants.

Loeb then became a friend and defender of Hoffa. When Hoffa was singled out by federal authorities for irregularities in the pension fund in the 1960s, it was Loeb who accused the Kennedys of engineering Hoffa's indictment. Insiders, of course, knew that the Kennedys had turned down Loeb's pleas for financing when he was in trouble.

Loeb offered a reward for information about any illegal wiretapping or bugging that the Justice Department, then under the direction of Robert Kennedy, might have done in the Hoffa case. He also offered to give \$100,000 to J. Edgar Hoover's favorite charity if the director of the FBI would claim that Kennedy used illegal wiretaps on Hoffa. The offer was refused, but Loeb claimed that he received information from "one of the top officials of the highest investigatory organizations in our country," who told Loeb that Kennedy did bug Hoffa. Loeb's allegation points to Cartha DeLoach, former FBI assistant director, as the source. DeLoach, now vice-president of PepsiCo in America, has always denied this. The whole episode makes for interesting reading in Walter Sheridan's book *The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa*.

Hoffa, of course, was doing everything he could to beat the rap for the pension fund's irregularities, and he even attempted to fix the jury. He was subsequently convicted on both the jury-tampering charge and mail fraud and was given time in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary to think it over.

Loeb did what he could to get Jimmy Hoffa out of the penitentiary and talked with Herb Klein, then President Nixon's director of communications.

Loeb's position was clear: Let Hoffa out of the pen and he could help Nixon in the 1972 New Hampshire presidential primary through favorable press. At Christmastime in 1971, Hoffa finally did get his pardon.

Loeb lost no time in launching his attack on the Democratic front-runner, Ed Muskie. Loeb criticized Muskie's wife for remarks she had made to Kandy Stroud of *Women's Wear Daily* and reprinted his smear three times in the *Union Leader*, each time magnifying the text by two columns.

For the finale, the now famous "Canuck" letter appeared in the *Union Leader* and Muskie, whose staff was infiltrated by Donald Segretti's "dirty tricks" guys, took the bait. Muskie challenged Loeb to a battle in front of the newspaper offices. Muskie is now the first to admit that he overreacted to the whole affair, but it cost him whatever chance he did have at the presidency.

Loeb began flavoring the New Hampshire political waters for Ronald Reagan as far back as January 21, 1974, in anticipation of the 1976 New Hampshire presidential primary. He also had

fa out and Loeb could help Nixon.

occasional kind words for the former governor of Georgia, one Jimmy Carter, as the 1976 contest began to warm up.

The zest of the Loeb punch may have been diluted this year by a former reporter for his newspapers. Kevin Cash, a Manchester resident who had formerly worked on Boston and New York newspapers, wrote and published a book titled *Who the Hell Is William Loeb?* shortly before the end of 1975.

Cash financed the venture himself. The first copies of his 472-page book appeared on November 15, 1975, and by December 15, he had sold 30,000 copies in New Hampshire alone.

Cash's book got a good deal of publicity from the newsmen who swarm into New Hampshire for the presidential primary. At last report, the book was in its fourth printing, with 70,000 copies in print by the time of the February primary.

The book by Cash detailed all the facts of Loeb's financial entanglements and his marital difficulties, including the fact that Loeb has always been a gun-toter. In fact, he once whipped out his automatic and shot the office cat.

As he is portrayed in the Cash book, Loeb is a dominating and manipulative man who was disinherited by his mother and father and who callously walked out on his second wife and daughter. The book detailed how Loeb fought his mother's will. She died in 1966 and left most of her million dollars to her only granddaughter. Loeb, according to the book, fought the will for about six years, letting high-priced New York lawyers eat up over \$800,000 before withdrawing his complaint, leaving his daughter to pay taxes on the rest.

New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson was the first to act after the Cash book became popular nationwide. He sued, alleging that Cash had defamed him in two sentences of the book. Cash immediately asked the court to dismiss Thomson's suit on the grounds that it was frivolous. A decision is still pending.

When representatives of the national media tried to interview Loeb on the facts disclosed in Cash's book, he repeatedly refused to comment except to say that he would do his talking in court. The unavoidable implication was that he was poised to sue Cash over the content of the book.

However, instead of waiting to do his talking in court, as he said he would, Loeb published a front-page article about Cash, which Cash construed as libelous. He and his lawyers acted quickly to bring a \$4,825,000 libel suit in federal court in Concord, New Hampshire, in February 1976. Loeb filed his suit against Cash as a counterclaim, and both these matters are still pending in federal court.

Loeb immediately caused more furor when he moved that the New Hampshire federal judge, a Democrat, disqualify himself. He made the motion twice and the judge, Honorable Hugh H. Bownes, denied his request twice. Then, acting on his own in open court, Bownes disqualified himself and said he didn't want to give either party to the suit any grounds for appeal. He sent the case to the chief justice of the First Circuit Court in Boston, and he assigned the Honorable Edward T. Gignoux to the case.

Apparently Cash spent a lot of time researching the book on Loeb. In the appendix, he lists a glossary of terms and names that Loeb has used over the years in describing some of his "enemies." Some examples:

Bella Abzug, congresswoman from New York: "A prize jerk."
"The pot-bellied, porcine-featured congresswoman."

President Eisenhower: "Dopey Dwight." "That stinking hypocrite." "As much backbone as a ribbon of toothpaste."

President Kennedy: "No. 1 Liar in the U.S.A."

Jacqueline Kennedy: "Unspeakable—uneatable."

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "Kissinger the Kike?"

Margaret Chase Smith: "Moscow Maggie."

United Nations: "The House That Hiss Built."

Secret Service: "Keystone Kops."

Of course, Loeb only includes what news he wants to include in his newspapers. If he doesn't feel a candidate is worthy of public office, he edits the news on his activities or gives him an insulting nickname or writes a defamatory editorial.

When Governor Thomson announced that he would seek a third term in 1976, he was offered only token opposition in the primary by a former state health officer named Gerald Zeiller.

New Hampshire Democrats are no different than Democrats in any other part of the country. They could not agree on anything, so there were three candidates running in the primary. The winner of the primary, Harry V. Spanos, had hoped that there would be enough anti-Loeb, anti-Thomson feeling to carry him to victory, but Thomson won again.

Governor Thomson's predecessor in office certainly learned the hard way what it was like to oppose William Loeb.

Governor Walter Peterson, together with his wife and two children—a daughter, Meg, 15, and a son, Andy, 12—attended a conference on narcotics in Washington, D.C., in the latter part of 1969. During one of the recesses, a reporter asked Meg Peterson if she had smoked pot and she replied that she had not. Asked if she knew anyone who did, Meg said, "Sure." Loeb interpreted this to mean Governor Peterson was permissive in his attitude toward narcotics. Meg was page one news for days afterward. Finally, Governor Peterson wrote an open letter to Loeb asking him to stop picking on his 15-year-old daughter. Loeb refused to print the letter, and the governor was forced to pay the *Union Leader* to run it as a page one advertisement.

This is the high price for serving in public office in New Hampshire. Anyone running for public office, as well as his family or friends, is fair game for Loeb's editorial attacks.

New Hampshire now has two U. S. senators who were both elected over the strict and stringent objections of William Loeb. Tom McIntyre went to the Senate in 1962 after Senator Bridges died. Loeb wanted Bridge's widow to get the seat and managed to split the G.O.P. wide open in his efforts. McIntyre, the Democratic candidate, sneaked in and has served since.

John A. Durkin, the other senator, won a special election in 1975 after an 11-month campaign against Louis Wyman, a congressman who had been investigated by the Watergate Special Prosecutor for his role in helping to obtain an ambassadorship for a woman after she had made a contribution to the Nixon reelection campaign. The vote at the regular election was so close it went to a special election, and Durkin was the winner.

Now both McIntyre and Durkin may as well be serving in Siberia as far as their constituents in New Hampshire are concerned. Their names rarely, if ever, appear in the Manchester newspapers, and then only with the worse possible connotations.

Where other states are able to elect statesmen who build reputations upon doing things for their constituencies, the senators from New Hampshire are faced with a life-and-death struggle just to keep their own names before the public eye in their home state.

Loeb was 71 years of age the day after Christmas, 1976, and he's doing business at the same stand every day. He still has his Page One editorial calling out in behalf of America, God and motherhood, even after the recent disclosures about him.

Loeb does bat an eye, however. He now has a Page One feature called, "Correcting the Record." In it, he takes a part of Cash's book out of context and calls it a lie on Page One almost every day.

Whether Cash will prevail in federal court, only time will tell. But if he does, it may be that the publishing career of William Loeb will be over.

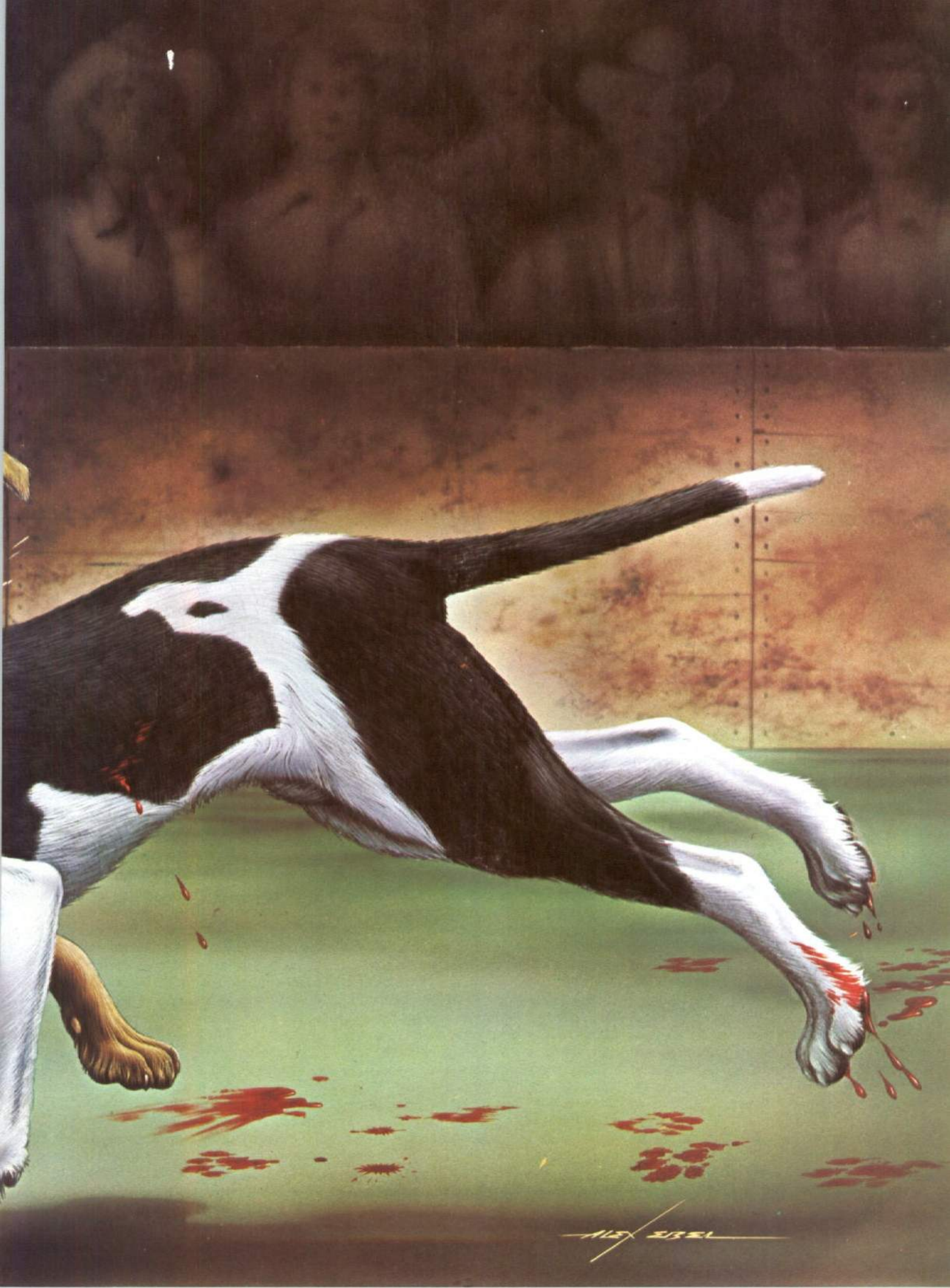
When his career does end, so will some of the darkest days of American journalism. 🌐

The Bloodiest Sport

**PIT
BULL
FIGHTING**

ARTICLE BY DAVID EPSTEIN





115 2351

Dogs hit hard in Billy's corner and start fast. Billy seems the stronger of the two, but C.H. makes up for it by his exceptional ability to break holds. Billy biting legs and stifle mostly, but doing some heavy cutting. At the 26 minute mark a turn is called on C.H. and is

The above account is typical of reports in underground dogfighting magazines. The magazines are not illegal; they simply deal with an illegal pastime—dogfighting. But since a large number of the advertisements are placed by one breeder challenging the dogs of another, *Pit Dog Report* is published and distributed with the same secrecy as a handbook on how to violently overthrow the government. In fact, the latter would probably meet with greater public acceptance if that were the case.

Dogfighting is a sport that's unfamiliar to many people. Those who are familiar with it take no middle-ground position on it. They are either fans or prohibitionists. Most of the fans are breeders of the pit dog.

In all states, there are laws expressly prohibiting the sport of dogfighting. Well-known politicians, like Harrison Williams of New Jersey and Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, have lent their support to the powerful Washington, D.C.-based Humane Society of the United States in passing legislation to amend the Animal Welfare Act of 1970. The amendment, which went into effect on April 22, 1976, includes the transporting of fighting dogs across state lines as a federal offense. As an expression of our national position on the issue, it can be noted that the Senate voted unanimously for passage of the bill, and the House voted 332 to 31 in favor.

A dogfighting rap is usually a misdemeanor that is punishable by fines ranging from \$10 to \$1000, and a sentence from 10 days to one year. That is not enough

to intimidate pit bull owners. Additionally, these owners tend to be from the middle classes and are usually not involved in any other type of illegal activity.

In some states, police often view antidogfighting laws as a pain in the ass. In other states, however, the laws against dogfighting are enforced with religious fervor. (Perhaps the most aggressive enforcement of these laws is conducted in Massachusetts by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.)

The chief cop for the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. is Captain Donald Lambert, the head of humane agents. Captain Lambert reminds one of Karl Malden as the feisty priest in the movie *On the Waterfront*. Lambert's concern for living creatures and his belief in the humane treatment of all animals are so passionate that he'd probably kick your ass up and down the street for mistreating a dog. He has campaigned not only against pit bull fighting but he also sought to insure that all game animals, from racehorses to greyhounds, are trained and exhibited in as humane a way as possible.

I asked Lambert how he, as an enforcement official, views the dogfighting laws, and he admitted that they aren't nearly as stringent or as effective as he'd like. "The main problem with state laws," he said, "is that in too many states, the local officials don't care enough about the issue to enforce the laws."

"What about the federal Animal Welfare Act?" I asked him.

"Even worse. That act," said Lambert, "gives responsibility for enforcement to the

Department of Agriculture." The Department of Agriculture, it seems, has neither the time nor the expertise to carry out the lengthy investigative work necessary to pull off a successful bust. Within his own jurisdiction, Lambert has employed every available resource, including the use of undercover agents, in his attempts to stop dogfighting. Even so, he admits that the problem is "worse than ever." He was somewhat cheered up, however, when I told him that a dogfight in Texas, two weeks earlier, had been busted by the authorities.

We are a nation of dog owners, and most of us would sooner shoot a Viet Cong than hurt a dog. Consider this: animals being maimed and killed for entertainment. It is the sort of thing that makes you want to find the people responsible and torture them slowly.

At the very least, we want to pass laws that would prohibit this sort of cruelty to the species that has been man's closest companion. But we *have* passed laws and dogfighting still persists. It persists not as an isolated aberration peculiar to a single ethnic group or a specified geographical location but as a well-organized, middle-class sport with big purses.

Is it the money involved that makes pit bull fighting such a popular sport? Gambling is certainly a basic integral part of dogfighting, but there are other gambling events that do not include the maiming and killing of animals. Why do otherwise decent, God-fearing, middle-class Americans take part in dogfighting? Obviously the answer lies with the participants themselves.

handled and made a good scratch. 30 minutes Billy runs a good scratch. C.H. is showing signs of being hurt now and bleeding very badly. On the third scratch C.H. takes the count, making Billy the winner in 47 minutes.

—Pit Dog Report

Through a series of spy-novel, third-party go-betweens and carefully orchestrated introductions, I make contact with The Man: Franklin. Obviously that's not his real name. I remember Victor Riesel, the newspaper columnist for labor affairs who named too many names and got acid thrown in his face. I do not relish the idea of someone throwing a pit bullterrier in my face.

The first time I speak with Franklin, it is over the phone. He was in Texas; I was in New Jersey. "Ya know," says a voice that I would swear is Chill Wills's, "you mother-fuckin' writers have never once been fair with us." No animosity, just a statement of fact flavored with some what-have-I-ever-done-to-you. "All the lies and the bullshit, man. Tellin' people we crawl out from under wet rocks. Hell, son, I've read articles sayin' that we feed our dogs on kittens and stray puppies. Why can't you fellers just once take the time to tell it the way it really is?"

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do; cut through the mumbo-jumbo to find out why, in the face of federal laws and public outrage, you people continue to do what you do," I say.

"Fine, son. You're on."

A meeting is arranged. I'm to come to Texas for a visit that includes witnessing my first dogfight.

Now comes the worry and trepidation. Can I pull it off? Will I be able to mix with the dreaded bogeymen from my childhood: the American Redneck? Preparation for the trip includes a last-minute haircut, so as not to look too antagonistic to my host and his friends. Fifteen minutes after I land in Texas,

a silver-gray 1976 Cadillac pulls up to the terminal. Once again, my uncanny knack for second-guessing an unknown situation comes through: Franklin and his apprentice, Eric, saunter over, smiling, with long hair falling to their shoulders. I smile back, hoping my new haircut doesn't make me look too much like a cop.

In 20 minutes, we arrive at his place. "Those are the runs I exercise my dogs on there," says Franklin, who does not look like Chill Wills. I look over to a row of parallel wires about four feet off the ground. One end of the lead goes around the dog's harness and the other is loosely fastened to the wire. This gives the animals plenty of running room, but not enough to get at each other.

The breed used almost exclusively in pit fighting is a remarkable dog known as the American pit bullterrier. The aspects of its appearance and personality are contradictory. In size, it generally stands between 18 and 24 inches high, with an average weight between 30 and 70 pounds. When compared with the size of mastiffs, shepherds, huskies and dobermans, the pit bullterrier appears hopelessly outmatched. The inbred trait that drives this dog to keep fighting even when its opponent is punishing it to the point of death would not appear to speak very highly of its intelligence. Its devastating savagery in the pit would indicate that it is a brute killer and should be kept away from all other living creatures.

Nevertheless, in each case, the exact opposite is true. No known breed of dog, regardless of size, has been able to fight

and win with the consistency of the pit bull. The closest contenders would be Tosa and Akita, two Japanese breeds that were bred for fighting. Neither of these larger dogs has fared well against the pit bull. This is not to say that a pit bull has never lost a fight to a dog of another breed, but the instances are so rare that the betting odds will always be heavily on the pit bull's side in a cross-breed match.

Although it appears to be a mindless glutton for punishment, even in the face of certain defeat, its high intelligence is well known to anyone familiar with the breed, regardless of how they feel about dog-fighting. While researching this article, I spoke with members of various animal-welfare organizations across the country, and each of them, without exception, made some comment about how unusually bright this dog is.

As for the savage killer of the pits (adventure novelist Jack London referred to the pit bull as the "clinging death"), the American pit bullterrier is almost laughably gentle, loyal and playful around people. Its clownish nature and supple acrobatic ability make it a highly entertaining pet for people whose friends never bring their own dogs along on visits.

In short, the American pit bullterrier embodies all the best-known characteristics of Lassie, Charlie Chaplin and Genghis Khan.

* * *

Getting out of the car, Eric beats me to my suitcase, and once inside the hacienda I no sooner say howdy before someone hands

me a fat joint of Mexican medicinal herbs.

Franklin's home is a monument to the American pit bullterrier. Statues, paintings and photographs of the breed dominate every inch of available space. Magazines devoted to the sport are stashed in boxes, bound in looseleaves and laid on chairs and counters. Some issues are decades old. Pictures in his family album show baby Franklin (born 1919) with pit bulls. There are also photographs of Franklin's father and grandfather with pit bulls, indicating that he is a third-generation breeder. His whole universe has always revolved around a federally outlawed pastime that many people have never even heard of. Several of Franklin's friends are visiting him. Some of them are neighbors and some are here from out of town for the fights this weekend. The one thing they all have in common (apart from love of the fight) is a very pronounced streak of individualism.

Eric is the most anxious to talk. He is the sorcerer's apprentice. Just 21 years old and of dubious formal education, Eric is more determined to excel at his craft than the most ambitious business student at Harvard. And no Harvard professor has ever been loved more dearly by a student than Franklin is by Eric. Initially, Eric came to Franklin's house to learn how to be a good pit dog breeder, to study, as he says, with

the best. Then he would return home to his native state to work as a breeder for people with enough money to indulge themselves. Now, however, things are changed. Eric quickly realized how ignorant he really was in all the many facets and secrets of his chosen craft and settled in for a long stay.

"Pit bull people don't just throw two crazy dogs together in a pit and scream 'KILL!'" says Eric. "Not unless they don't care about respect, money and the lives of their dogs. Diets, an excellent training regimen, love, practice bouts [rolls] are all important, and like everything else, man, you can do it the right way or the wrong way." And Eric has chosen to learn every possible variation of the right way.

"What's gonna git me to stop fightin' dogs? Death, that's what! That's right. When I'm dead, I'll stop fightin' my dogs and I'll stop lovin' my dogs." Nods of agreement from the folks gathered around the table, passing the pipe.

A Mexican at the table leans forward. "Let me tell you something, my friend. We don't hurt anyone with what we do. The sport we indulge in is very old and has a history filled with heroics and champions. Of course, we have all lost dogs that we loved dearly. I have cried; I have seen big Franklin here cry at the death of a brave—what we call game—dog. But this is what these dogs

have been bred for. It's what they love. We don't make them jump through hoops or wear little dresses. They follow their natural instincts, and we take pleasure from this. There is courage, there is cunning, there is skill and, most of all, there is gameness. To appreciate this should not be a crime. To make the sport illegal is nothing more nor less than saying that the breed of American pit bullterrier must come to an end."

The trait that pit bull people respect in their dogs is not just aggression, or even fighting ability. It is gameness. The gameness of the dog is almost always the determining factor in the outcome of pit fights. A game dog that has lost a fight will still command a higher stud fee than a dog that has won by brute strength alone—providing, of course, that the game dog lives.

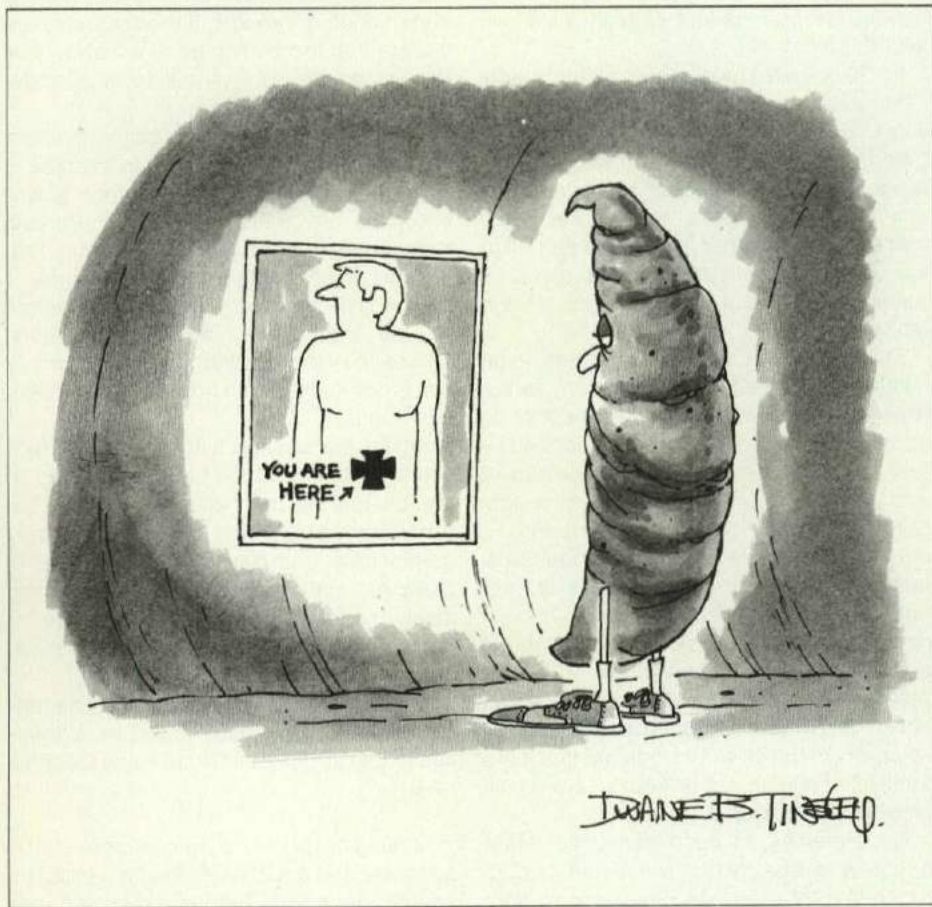
This is what it all comes down to: A lot of them don't live. Because of the emotionally charged nature of this issue, mortality figures vary widely, depending on who you are talking to, from a high of 75 percent to a low of 10 percent. Regardless of the real figure, the fact remains that every time two dogs get in the pit together, one of them either dies or gets mangled pretty bad.

"Now listen, son, that ain't exactly true." Franklin, with the uncontested authority of a lord in his manor, enters the conversation. "Many's the time you'll get yourself a cur—a dog that just doesn't want to get in there and fight. Hasn't got the heart. Not game. The fight's over as soon as it starts. Even with a game dog, that don't say he's *dead* game. Don't mean he'll make a killing for ya. He might refuse to scratch after the very first turn, and that's it. Fight's over."

"Yeah," I say, "but that's not what dog-fighting's about, is it? A dog that's not game isn't going to be entered in a real match with money riding on it. In the final analysis, most matches are violent affairs."

"Well, at this point in the game, there is no need to speculate. After the fighting tomorrow, you'll have to judge all this for yourself," Franklin says. It's a very touchy situation, playing the devil's advocate in these particular surroundings. Nobody is *really* sure I'm who I say I am, and from time to time, faint slipstreams of paranoia travel the currents in the room. Franklin, apparently aware of the tension that's beginning to build, especially in the folks just hanging out in the kitchen listening to the conversation, suggests that he, Eric, Raoul and I split out to the patio for some fresh air and privacy.

Once we're seated outside, the tension evaporates. The Texas sky is devastating. We've got to be on another planet because I know there aren't that many stars over New Jersey. Nobody says anything for a while, but the silence is a very comfortable one, allowing us all to relax from the defensive



pressure of anticipated questions and anticipated answers.

Franklin is the first to break the silence. "I didn't expect so many people to show up. Hell, we're only bringin' one dog up with us, but it'll sure sweeten the purse." He takes a deep breath and puts his feet up on the wrought-iron coffee table. "Well," he says, looking at his feet, "what else do you want to know?"

"OK, I want to know why, if you love your dogs, you put them in the pit to get killed," I say.

His sigh lets me know that this is a familiar question. "First off, I sure as hell don't put them dogs in there to get killed. I put them there to win. But I know what you're tryin' to get at." He pauses for a moment. "Lemme tell you about the Spartans. They believed every man had to know how to fight, and they trained 'em from the time they was little kids. There wasn't nothin' better a Spartan man could do than be an excellent fighter. A champion. Now, when one of them Spartans would go off to war, his wife or his mother would tell him to come back either holdin' his shield or layin' on it. I mean it was somethin' they would actually say to him as part of the whole sayin' goodbye business." He stops and Raoul comes in. "What the wives and mothers meant when they said this is 'Be a champion! Win or lose, but be brave. Don't let somebody take your shield and chase you away,'" Raoul says. In the dark, it's like listening to Chill Wills and Fernando Lamas.

"Exactly," says Franklin.

"Now," Raoul says, leaning forward, "do you think these women didn't love their husbands and sons?"

"I'm familiar with the whole story of the Spartans. But what was an accepted part of life several thousand years ago and half a world away is not accepted here and now."

"My friend, you are wrong," Raoul says, shifting in the chair. "You asked how we can love our dogs and still watch them die. Regardless of the time and space between ancient Sparta and Texas, your question is answered."

"You said that it is not accepted here and now, but right here and right now it is accepted. It all depends on whose chair you are sitting in. Do you see my point?" Franklin asks.

"Yeah, in fact I saw it just a few seconds before you made it. But the point has to be pursued further. Your dogs don't really have a choice. They have to fight."

"The hell they do!" exclaims Franklin, laughing at some dim memory. "Damn if sometimes they don't get in there and just act like they was a couple of faggots, tryin' to mount each other and fuck each other and such. But, shit, it's like you, yourself,



said inside the house. I'd never match a dog that wasn't game. When I match a dog, that means I got money and reputation on the line, and you can believe that I wouldn't go with a dog that didn't love what he was doin'."

"Besides," says Eric, "you're payin' too much mind to the fact that there's a pit. You could take those two dogs and put 'em in a field five acres across, with no walls or nothin', and if they're game dogs, they'll go at each other just as if they was in a pit."

"I don't doubt that there'd be a fight," I say, "but that fight would still be illegal. In the final analysis, allowing two animals to maul and possibly kill each other is cruel. And it's twice as cruel when you consider that the whole thing is done only for the sake of entertainment. I can't see where anyone has the right to do that."

"There is an important point that you should realize, son," says Franklin. "When we say we breed our dogs to be game, that don't mean we breed 'em to be suicidal. Our dogs'll still run out of a burnin' house. They still have got the instinct for self-preservation. They just love to fight. Plain and simple, son: They love to fight."

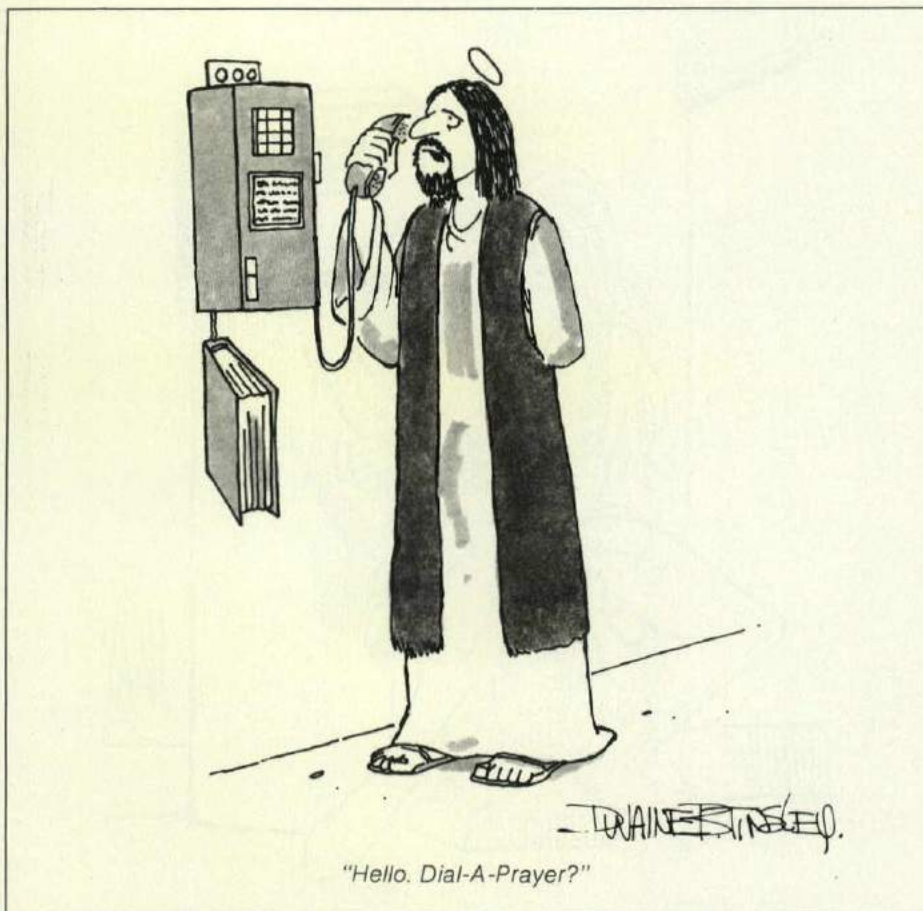
"Exactly," says Raoul. "The dogs are not intimidated by the pain of an opponent's bite. Cruelty would be to force an animal into a situation like this against its will. That

is not the case with the pit bullterrier."

Eric suddenly comes to life. "You know what's cruel?" he questions. "The Humane Society destroys animals, and that's cruel. If those animals knew what was waitin' for 'em when they go into that chamber, you can damn well bet your ass they wouldn't go. But when my dog goes to the pit, man, that's one happy, excited dog. Shit, he don't have his tail between his legs or nothin'. He knows what's comin', and he can't wait to get started. The Humane Society just kills stray pit bulls out of hand, without offerin' 'em up for adoption the way they are supposed to."

The *New York Times* ran an article just several months back referring to this practice on the part of certain Humane Society branches and other organizations that maintain shelters; so I know what Eric's talking about. "However, the fact of the matter was that the pit bulls could not be kept in pens with other dogs, even other pit bulls. The result would just be a bloody pandemonium. Most big-city shelters simply do not have the room to isolate dogs in individual pens."

"OK, so they don't have the room," says Eric, genuinely anguished by the thought of healthy pit bulls being destroyed. "Let 'em call pit bull people when they pick up pit bullterriers. There's enough of us to take



any dogs they find. These people hate the fights and just want to end the whole thing by getting rid of the breed."

"OK. So tell me about the fights. Are there rules? What's a scratch, a turn, all the rest?"

"Well," drawls Franklin, "there's all kinds of different rules. Ya got Cajun rules and Cuban rules, U.K.C. [United Kennel Club] rules and Sunshine rules, ya got house rules and God knows what else. The rules we usually fight by are Cajun rules. Don't ask me to recite 'em all 'cause there's a couple of dozen rules in Cajun. But basically both handlers have to agree on a time and place. They gotta name a referee, agree to the fighting weight, scratch time and the amount of the bet."

"Scratch?"

"Before ya get to a scratch, you got what's called a 'turn.' A turn is what it's called any time a dog turns his head and shoulders away from his opponent. When that happens, the fight stops, the dogs are separated, and there's a 20-second rest before the dog that turned has to make its scratch. To make a good scratch, the dog has to be held facing its opponent across the pit. When the referee tells him to, the handler has to release the dog, and it's got 20 seconds to cross the pit and either make contact with the other dog or actually mouth him, depending on the rules. If he don't

make his scratch in 20 seconds, the fight's over and the other dog wins."

"What if he makes his scratch?"

"Well, then the fight goes on. After each turn, a scratch is called, and the dogs have to alternate scratches regardless of which one turned. The first dog that refuses to make scratch is the loser. That's where the expression 'up to scratch' comes from."

The next morning three station wagons leave Franklin's place for the match. With me are Franklin and his wife and Eric. In the back of the wagon is a black and white American pit bullterrier named Meatball. Full name: Carver's Meatball. This will be the dog's first match, and Franklin has high hopes for him. "Generally I match dogs that I've bred myself, but this dog comes from the best breeder in the world, and he oughta put up a good show."

I can't believe that this dog will do any kind of fighting. He is a pure clown. Running all over the car, from the back to the front seat, licking faces and damn near causing Franklin to run us off the road.

"Damn, Eric, quiet that son of a bitch down. He's gonna be too hot to fight worth a damn by the time we get there."

About an hour later we reach the site of the match. It is a ranch out in the middle of nowhere. I don't really know if we're still in

Texas. I ask Franklin where we are. Mistake. He looks first at me, then at Eric, then at me again. "Now, son, you know better than to ask me that. I ain't even known you for 24 hours. Don't worry about where we are; let's just go and enjoy the day."

Outside the barn there must be about 30 cars. People are milling around a barbecue pit and beer keg that have been set up next to the entrance. Lots of women and kids. Most of the cars aren't more than two or three years old, and the people look like the same ones you'd find at any church or company outing. They certainly don't look like cruel people. It's strange to think that these straight, clean-cut family types are criminals.

Inside the barn stands the pit. It's 16 feet square with two-and-a-half-foot-high walls and a canvas floor. The inner walls have been scrubbed down, but bloodstains are still visible.

As preparations for the first match get underway, everyone starts coming in and settling down. The promoter, about 35 years old, in boots and Stetson, steps into the pit and raises his hands for silence. After welcoming everybody, he announces that the fights will be conducted under Cajun rules, with a scratch limit of 20 seconds. The names of the dogs and handlers in the first match are announced. (Franklin's dog, Meatball, will fight later in the day.)

Both dogs are weighed, and the first dog, a white with black patches, weighs in at 38 pounds. The second dog weighs the same, although this dog gives the appearance of being lighter. Its coloring is a uniform tan.

The dogs now have to be washed, and the referee tosses a coin in order to determine which dog gets washed first. What's the washing business for? Franklin tells me that each dog is washed by the opposing handler to make sure there are no drugs or poisons on the animal's coat. Clever.

After being washed, the dog is carried directly to the pit, where it immediately goes into an excited state as it waits for the other dog to be washed. The dog that is washed last has a distinct advantage, since the first dog will use up more energy as it waits in the pit.

The tan dog was washed first, then the black and white.

Both dogs, both handlers and the referee are now in the pit. The handlers are holding their dogs faced into their own respective corners, and the referee raises his voice: "Gentlemen, face your dogs." The handlers turn the dogs to face one another. Immediately the tan dog gives a short bark and strains against his handler toward the other dog. The black and white remains silent but also pulls toward the tan.

(continued on page 92)

MAGGIE

Shadow Puppet



Photographed by James Baes







Finding Maggie propped unceremoniously on a sofa or easy chair, you might think of her as a puppet left lying about and forgotten between playtimes. Hidden in the moody shadows, she comes to life only when you pull her strings. It takes a man's hands to change her droopy frown into an expression of womanly passion.

Each nook and cranny, only half-filled with sunlight, is the setting for your puppet play. Maggie can be positioned by touch, and as you move from shade to sunlight, she unfolds as a different character. You

can bounce her about and hurriedly change her costumes to suit her many moods: aloof or mysterious, stubborn or playful.

A puppet like Maggie does not belong alone and tucked away in some dark corner. She belongs at the fingertips of a skilled puppeteer.





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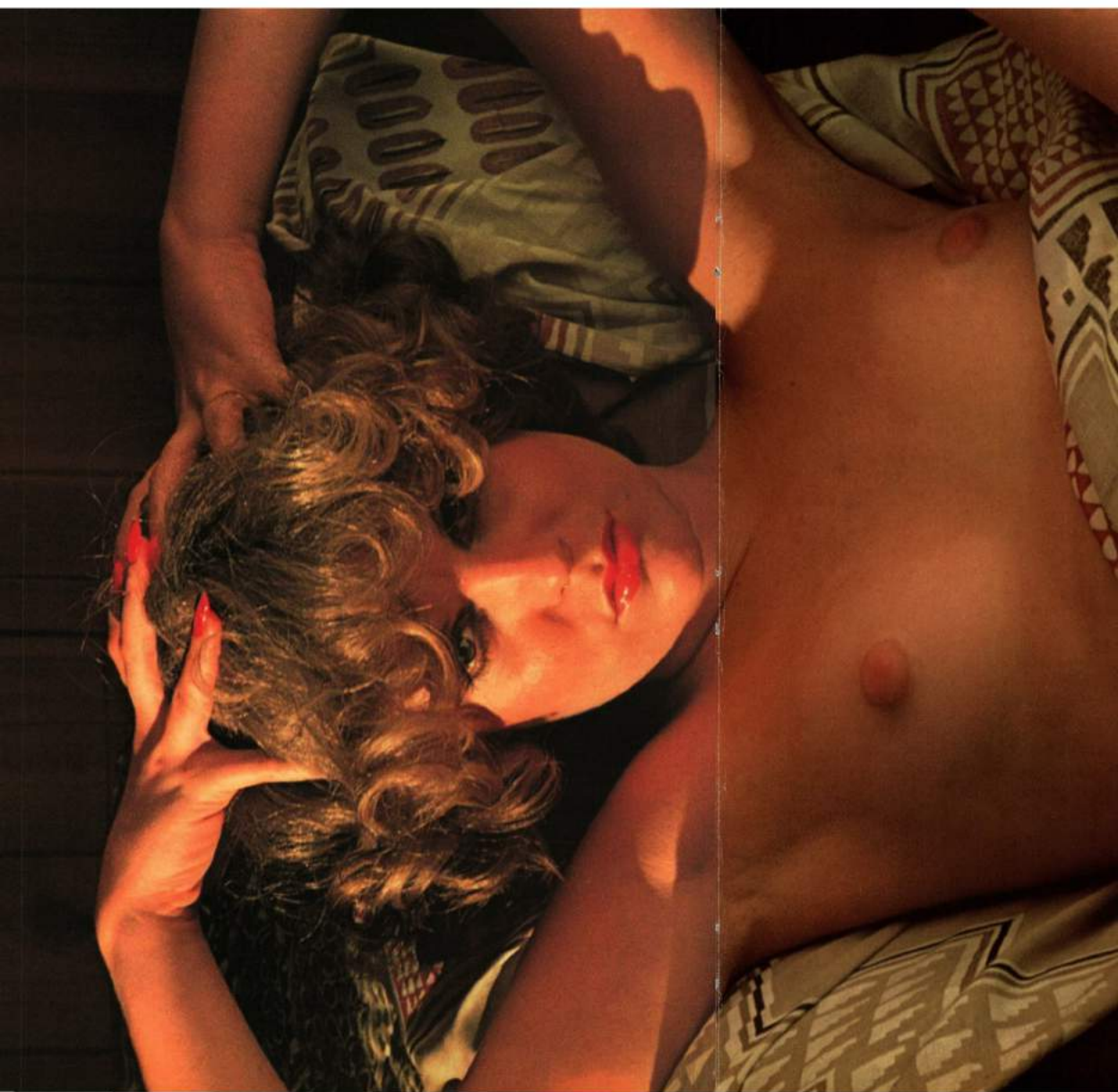
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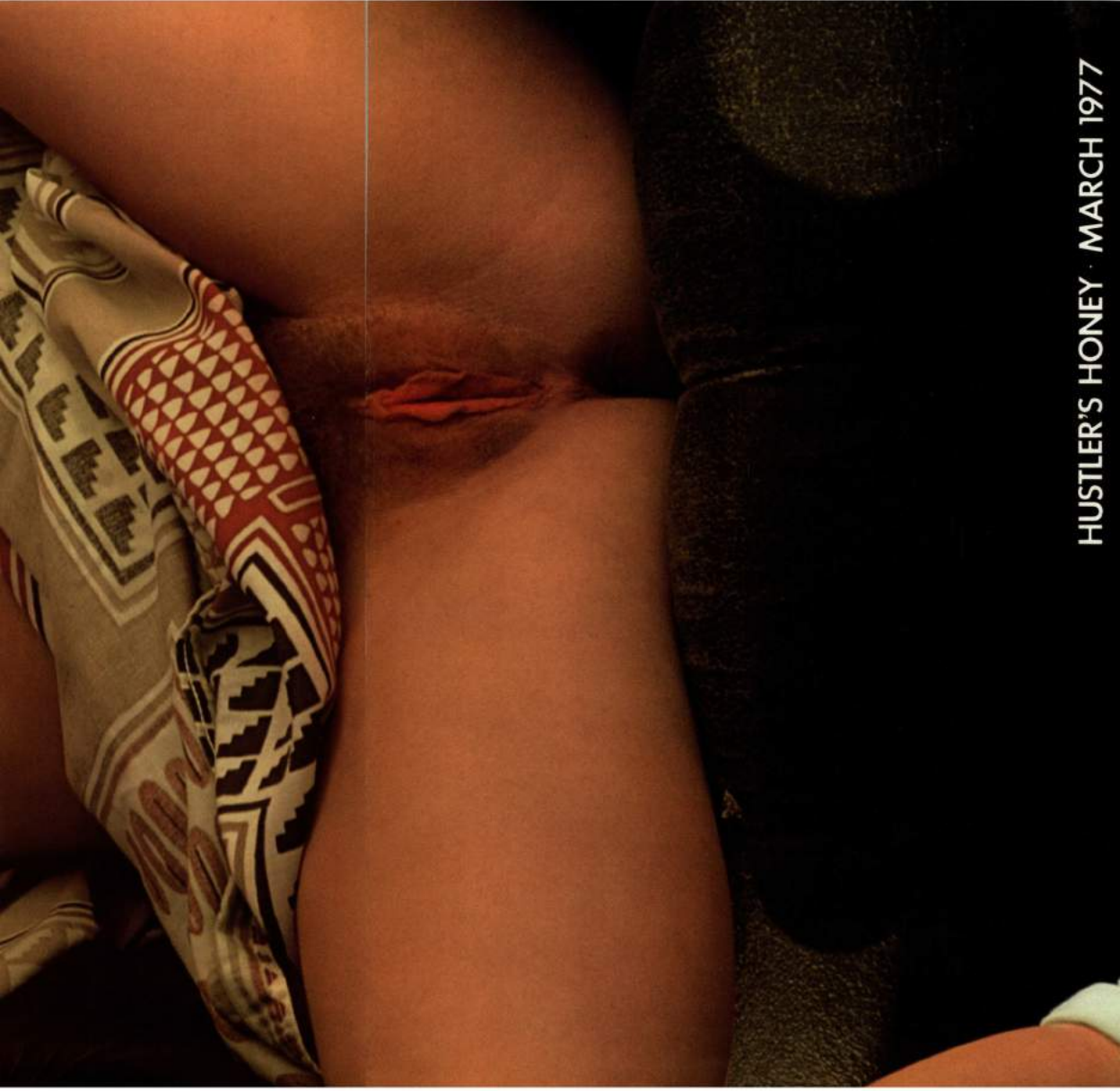
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HUSTLER'S HONEY · MARCH 1977





An Eastern newspaper correspondent had just arrived in an old Western town when he noticed a curious lack of women.

Walking into the local saloon he asked a cocky shitkicker, "What do you fellas do around here for entertainment?"

"Ya mean women?" asked the shitkicker. "We ain't got none. 'Round here folks fuck sheep."

"That's disgusting," cried the correspondent, "I've never heard of such moral degradation."

However, after a few months, the correspondent's rocks were beginning to ache and the sheep were looking more and more attractive.

So he finally went out and found himself a comely sheep, brought her back to his room, shampooed her and then tied ribbons in her hair. After a bottle of champagne, he lured the sheep into his bedchamber and released his pent-up frustrations.

Afterward, he escorted his four-legged lover to the saloon for a drink. As the correspondent and his woolly mate entered, a hush fell over the patrons and the anxious couple became the object of many stares.

"You goddamn bunch of hypocrites!" the reporter yelled. "You've been fucking sheep for years, but when I do it up right you look at me like I'm some sort of crazy pervert!"

One cowboy in the back of the crowd spoke up, "Yeah, but that there's the sheriff's gal!"

A marital guide for sadists explains how to brainwash a woman: Stomp on her douche bag.

There was a young country boy who didn't know how to talk to his girlfriend. Somewhat embarrassed, he asked his cousin from the city how he talked to his girl. The city boy suggested that he come with him to his girl's house and listen to what he said to her.

So that night the anxious country boy went with his slick cousin and hid under the girl's porch. His cousin knocked on the door and his beautiful girlfriend stood before him.

Speaking softly, the words dripping off his tongue, he said, "Sweet constellation, with eyes like a dove, if you don't marry me tonight, I'll die for your love."

Completely excited, the country boy jumped out from under the porch, ran the three miles to his girl's house and knocked on the door. Stumblingly, he said, "Sweet cocks and assholes, with eyes like a hog, if you don't fuck me tonight, I'll croak like a frog."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Pervert* as: a cowboy who closes his eyes when kissing his horse.

Did you hear about the dumb bastard with two red ears who went to the doctor's office? The doctor asked him what had happened to his ears.

"I was ironing a shirt and the phone rang," answered the simpleton. "But instead of picking up the phone I picked up the iron and stuck it on my ear."

"Damn," the doctor exclaimed in disbelief. "But then, what happened to your other ear?"

The simpleton replied, "Whoever it was called back."

A backward man asked his somewhat retarded son why farts stink.

His son thought about it, rolled his eyes and replied, "So the deaf can enjoy them, too."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Polaroid* as: a cross between a Polack and a hemorrhoid—they're both a pain in the ass.

While working a kissing booth at the county fair, a sexy young thing found she was \$2 short of her quota for the day. Suddenly, a drunk appeared, slapped a dollar down on the counter and said, "Where's my kiss?"

Thinking quickly, she replied, "I'm closing, but for \$2 I will make an exception."

The drunk agreed and as she started kissing him she could feel something enter her mouth and slide down her throat.

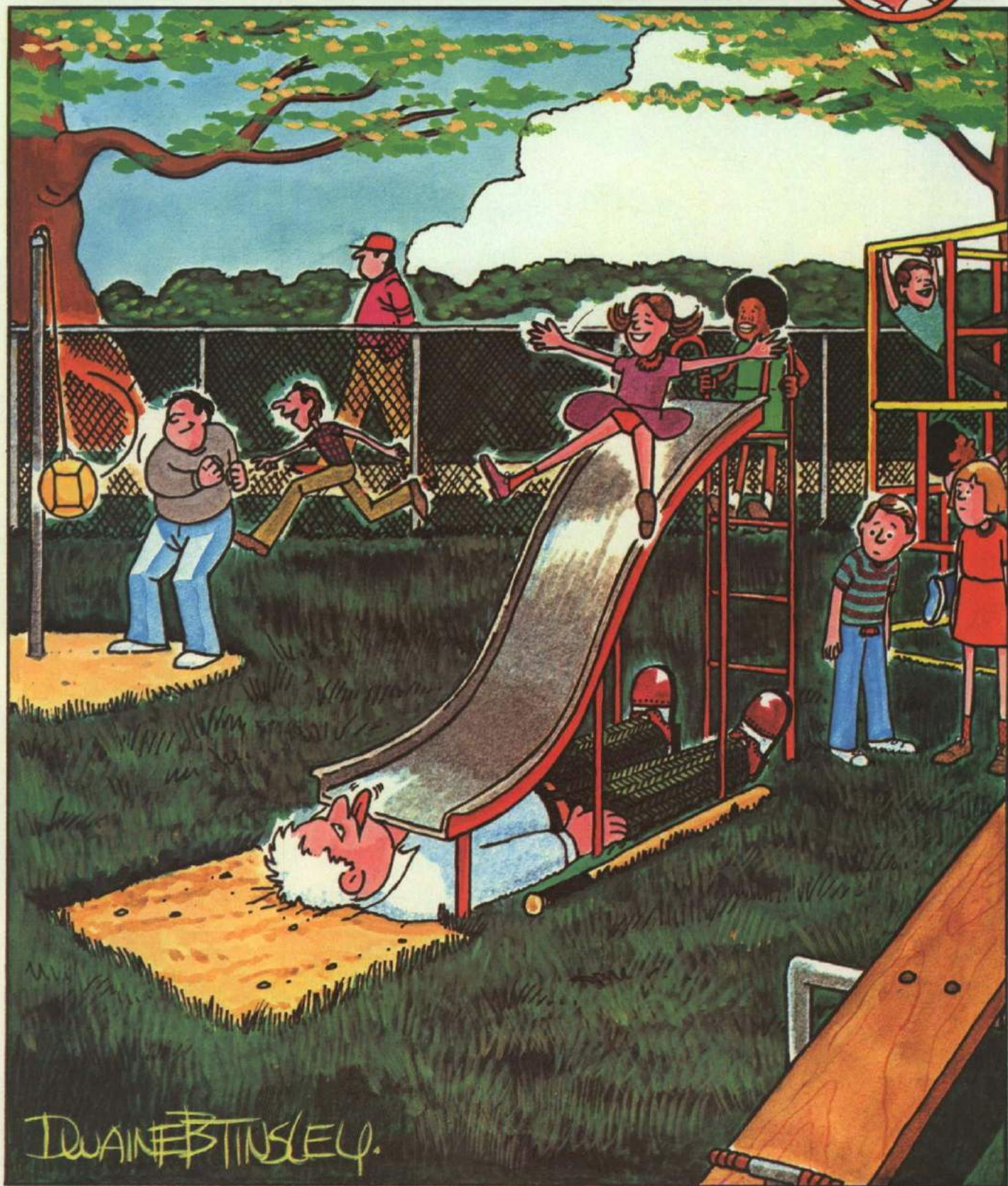
"I'm sorry, but I believe I just swallowed your gum," she said.

"No, you didn't," replied the drunk. "I was just clearing the phlegm from my throat."

How do you know if an Arab has been in your backyard? Your grass is dead, your garbage is gone, and your dog is pregnant.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns.

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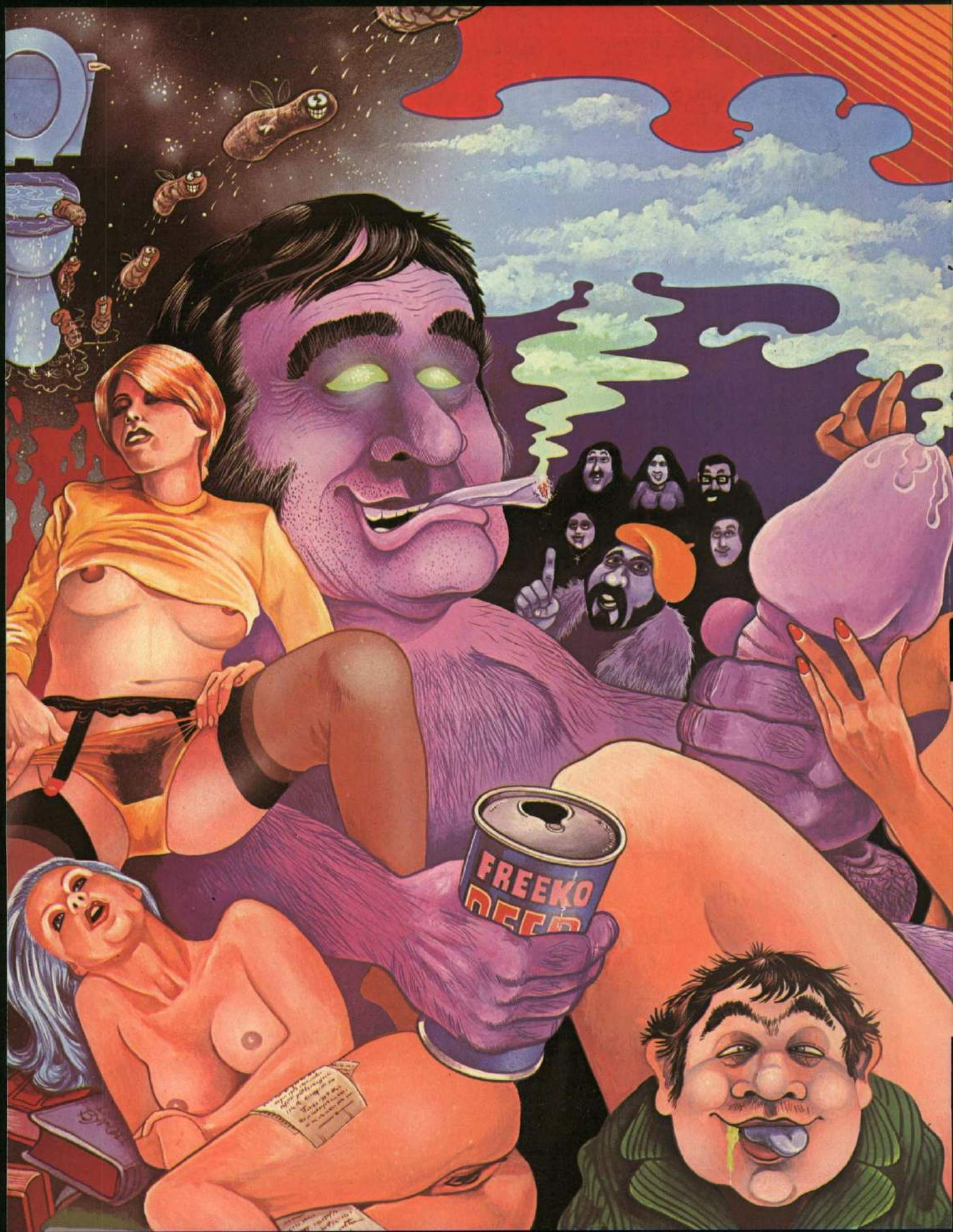
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THE BIG DOPPEL READING

FICTION BY CHARLES BUKOWSKI

They had mailed the tickets, and I came flying into this little town off the east coast of Florida. I waited for the passengers to climb out, then I got up and walked down the ramp and saw the two poetry-hound types waiting, so I walked up to them: "I'm Chinaski," I said, and they grinned and grinned. We walked over and waited for the bags, and then I said, "Shit, let's not wait here; let's make the bar." So we went into the bar—Clyde and Tommy and me—and there were *more* poetry hounds: "They all want to meet you, daddy." I looked them over.

MICHAEL JUPP

They all want to fuck immortality, and as long as they think you're immortal, you can go ahead and fuck them.

Lots of women, eyes hot with reading my erotic shit. I glanced at them, shifted from face to face, from body to body. One of the bodies looked really heavy, but she looked ready. I was introduced around. "Oh, Mr. Chinaski," one of them said, "I really *liked* your story *My X-pert Hock!*"

(I write stories, poems and novels. I usually write my stuff along the sex trail to keep them awake, and while they're awake I give them the rest of it. I sneak it to them. I give them morphine and then pull out their slim souls.)

It was near midnight, and the airport bar closed at midnight, so we drank up. Tommy got the tab for the drinks, and we left for Clyde's place, after picking up my baggage. At Clyde's, a lot of beer and grass—Colombian—went around while flat, loud music blasted on the stereo. I drifted around and checked out the female bodies. "Oh, Mr. Chinaski, I really *loved* your poem about the man who cut off his balls and flushed them away like apricots!" I kissed that one, and a flashbulb popped somewhere in the room.

I was rotten: I sucked upon their adulation like virgin pussy. We smoked and smoked and drank and drank, and soon people began leaving. The first poetry reading was 9 P.M. at the Jiz-Wiz Club, the next night. Then I had to stroke it up again the next night. Two readings for \$500 plus air fare, lodging, maybe some food, and probably some ass. Ginsberg got a thousand for a reading, but then he sat on a rug and did mantras and hollered out pretty damned good. I just get drunk and fucked up.

Anyhow, people kept leaving and leaving, and it was about 4 A.M.; so Clyde left for his bedroom and said the couch was mine. I was left with a lady of about 22 with this rag tied around her head. She had a fairly good body, wild eyes and kept talking about retarded children. She taught retarded children, so she talked a lot about them. I was next to her on the couch. Every now and then I would interrupt her conversation about the children with a long kiss. She knew how to kiss. Or I knew how to kiss. Anyway, the kisses were furiously warming. Oh, hell, they were divinely ecstatic. You furnish the words; it's my genuine bullshit

that keeps me going. Well, after each kiss, she got back to the retarded children as if the kiss hadn't even happened, and this heated me more. She had a good trick going, with that rag around her head and those wild, glowing eyes. Schoolteachers always make everybody hot; they even make you hotter than nuns do.

Her name was Holly, and when she left I left. I got into the car with her, and when she started the engine, we embraced.

It was a long drive, and Holly kept talking about the retarded children, their problems, how to help them, how to approach them, and my cock got harder and harder. We stopped at a signal, and I reached up and undid the rag from her head and all this long blonde hair spilled out. "Christ," I said, "why do you *hide* that? I'm going to yank on it."

"It gets filled with cigarette ashes at parties," she said.

She had a fairly private apartment on the bottom floor. She parked, and we went to her place. Holly opened the door, and I followed her in. "My husband's out of town for a week. Business. He introduced me to your writing; he really worships you."

"Yeah?"

Holly went into the bathroom, and I walked to the bedroom and undressed and

then got into bed. "How far away is your husband?" I asked.

"Forty miles."

"Is he jealous?"

"I don't know. I've never been unfaithful."

I heard the toilet flush. In the dark, I could see my cock pushing up the covers. Holly was going to have another retarded child to fathom. When she came out of the bathroom, she was naked; so she climbed under the blanket. I thought, well, now I'll have something to write about. I pressed into her, and her teacher's tongue flicked in and out of my mouth. I caught it in the center with my teeth and sucked on it. She gagged, had trouble breathing. I played with her pussy; it gradually opened, getting wetter. I could feel the clit, and I circled it with my finger. Did Celine ever do this? I thought. Or Hemingway? Hemingway probably didn't do it enough to as many. Hemingway lacked humor and vitamin E. That's why he blew his brains away and then fell into the orange juice. Also, he got up too early in the morning. The world always looks worse before noon because too many ambitious people still have energy to burn.

I ducked my head down to eat her pussy, and she pushed me away, saying "No, no!" Most like it; some don't. I never forced that part. I got back up and grabbed her hair and yanked her head back until her mouth fell open, and then I drove my lips inside of her lips. It was like entering the guts of a flower. She was nailed to the sun and I was the sun. Then I fell from her mouth, sucked her left breast, then the right. Then I turned her, my right arm underneath her body and my left arm coming over the top, and I took both of her hands and held them from the outside. I just let my cock poke and slide its way; it knew, and I waited on it. It found the opening and the head entered. Then gradually the cunt opened, and the remainder of my cock entered. It was tight and wet in there, and I let my cock lay on in, not moving. She began wiggling, and I still held my cock motionless. Then I let it jump without moving my body. It was one of my tricks. Then I slowly pulled my cock out and just entered the head and a tiny portion of the cock back into the cunt, making slow movements. "Jesus!" she said, "do it!" I kept on teasing the rim and the

Then I saw a shoe. Just one shoe, alone, with a high spiked heel. That shoe was a *hot* shoe.

inside of her cunt. Hemingway just didn't know, I thought, and Celine never wrote about it, and Henry Miller never really knew how to fuck.

I finally gave her half of my cock, feeling her grip me. Then I worked it in gradually, barely increasing the speed. Then I lost my technique and just started ripping. I stopped just before climaxing and held it still. I allowed myself to cool and then began again. I repeated the process four or five times, and then I lost control and let her have it. Holly came first, and as she did I followed. We both hollered like juveniles, and as I came I kept looking at all that hair on her head, thinking, Christ, Christ, I've got the luck, the luck and the way. Nobody can beat me now.

Holly got up and went to the bathroom. I reached down and got one of my stockings from under the bed and wiped myself off with it. I didn't want her husband coming home to hard spots on the sheets. A pro always made little clever moves like that. Yeats or Dante would never have known how to do that.

When Holly came back, she fell asleep with her backside to me. She had a gentle little snore, very sexy, and my cock half-hardened and I let it slide into her ass. It was warm and comfortable there, and I thought, well, look, Chinaski, once again you're in bed with a woman 30 years younger than you, and you can't dance, shoot pool or bowl. They all want to fuck immortality, and as long as they think you're immortal, you can go ahead and fuck them, and when they find out that you're not, well, you've got all that young ass stored up, and you can go back to your one-thumb, four-finger love.

My problem is that I fall in love with every woman I fuck. I fuck good, but I am over-emotional. To me, when a woman gives me her body, I feel as if she's giving me her soul; that's part of what makes me hot. And then the whole act has overtones of death and murder and conquest. But mostly I just feel a rush of fondness and love, and I can't overcome it.

I throbbed throughout for the woman I had just fucked. I wasn't worldly that way, and it cost me, but I couldn't correct it. Most people shrug off a fuck like they shrug off a

picnic. I don't understand that attitude.

* * *

The alarm awakened us, and Holly shut it off. "Look," I said, "take a day off. Let's sleep. Maybe later we'll do it again."

"No," said Holly, "I'm out of sick leave, and besides, the children need me."

I pulled the covers up and stretched out.

When I awakened, Holly was gone. I got up and walked around her apartment. Hangovers always make me horny. Drinking makes me horny. *Not* drinking makes me horny. But hangovers make me horniest of all. I found two of her shoes in the front room, standing side by side near a chair. There was a strange loneliness and warmth there—like buttered toast or cries from people shoved over cliffs.

The heels and the base of the shoes were made of wood, and the heels (although sadly thick) were high. The shoes heated me. I am a leg and shoe man. Breasts mean little to me, although I suck on them because women like it. But legs and shoes set me off, and I don't fight it.

I had a hard-on, and I picked up one of the shoes and ran my cock in and out of it. The bottom of my cock ran along the wood, and the top was held by the soft fabric that ran up from the toe.

Maybe, I thought, someday I'll marry a shoe.

"Do you, Henry, take this shoe as your...."

I ran my cock in and out, then withheld the impulse. I had to preserve my sperm. I went back into the bedroom and looked in the closet. I found a pair of blue panties—no shit stains—and I rubbed them back and forth over my cock. It was good. I almost gave way.

Some people, I thought, think that I am America's greatest poet. Suppose this shit got out? I'd be doomed. I threw the pants back into the closet. Then I saw a shoe. Just one shoe, alone, with a high spiked heel. That shoe was a *hot* shoe. I picked it up and started fucking it. I walked around the room, giving it to that shoe. I even made a few swift runs in circles, giving it to that shoe. Then, at the last moment, I ripped it away and threw it back into the closet.

Then I had to take a shit, bad. I went and did it. All that beer. I'd never die of constipation. There's no doubt that when a man sees his shit the first thing he thinks of is, I have a chance to live, *ah!* At least, that is what I think of. And then if you have hemorrhoids, you get a double break. I had hemorrhoids. And I looked over at the toilet paper holder, and there wasn't any paper. I ran into the kitchen and found a box of tissues, and I took eight or ten tissues and started getting off wiping my ass and making sounds. Then I was rubbed bare and raw, and the turds and the paper stuffed the bowl as I flushed. Some of it went down, then the water rose and the tissues and turds started rising. They came up to the level of the lid and held. I knew better, but I flushed again, and then it came: turds, tissues, water, all over the floor in front of the toilet. I took the back lid off and started playing with the big ball, the chain, the black rubber stopper.

I flushed again. More of the same—turds, tissue, water, defeat. I took away the floor mat and started wiping up the business. I got most of it. I took newspapers and picked up turd parts and carried them to a paper bag I found on the sink in the kitchen, and I put them into the paper bag. When I came back, I saw that the floor mat had shit stains



on it. I turned it over. It looked better. Like an Indian weaving.

I had Clyde's phone number. He was home. "Listen, Clyde, I've fucked up Holly's plumbing. I've got beer turds floating about like the ultimate defeat of everything. Oh, my God, these brown sycophants."

"Doesn't she have a plunger?"

"Neither green nor black nor blue nor red."

"I'll send help."

Clyde didn't show. Tommy did. Tommy said that Clyde sent him. He had a red plunger. We sat down and smoked some more of his Colombian.

"I'm honored, Tommy. This, I think, is the first poetry reading sponsored by the dope dealers of America."

"Feels good," said Tommy.

I took the plunger and worked the bowl. It didn't take at first. Then the suction took effect. I flushed the bowl several times, and it worked. We sat and talked for a while, then Tommy drove me back to Clyde's, where six or seven people were spread out on the floor, smoking, drinking, maybe smacking.

The first reading wasn't bad because I wasn't too drunk, and nobody likes to gyp an audience—entirely. But there was a party afterward at the house of another teacher of retarded children. It was the fat one I had

seen at the airport, but she had a very nice sense of gamble about her. Her name was Kali, and she had tremendous thighs. She could take three horses. I wasn't a horse, but I sure as hell bet on them. What's a man to do in his spare time, chew on old burned-out light bulbs? So I began kissing her and running my hand up her dress. There were 35 people in that house, but the sign was in: America's greatest poet wanted to be Kali's horse fuck. It was accepted, and Holly sat there pissed, looking at me. But I was angry at her for not having any paper on that roll.

So they left, and it was Kali and me. I climbed into bed and watched her undress. "That was a great reading," she said. "You make poetry sound so simple and real and easy."

"Genius," I said, "could mean the ability to say a profound thing in a simple way."

"Tell me more," she said.

"Endurance is more important than truth," I replied.

"But tell me what's really happening."

"I'm riding a winning streak all to hell, that's all. It's going to vanish, but I'm taking it for whatever ride it can get me. I've got some soul, but basically my luck is better than my psyche."

Then Kali stood there naked. She had plenty—in places of plenty. She got into bed. I grabbed and grabbed. But it was solid.

She was built the way Norwegians like women; the same way Icelanders like them: women, women, women, the kind of women who built the few real men, the kind of flesh, the real mold, the kiln, the vagina to bear the miracle and the big ass and the tight cunt to cause it and accept it.

Kali kept laughing and saying, "No, no, I can't do it until I feel the passion, I can't do it..."

I tried most of my tricks. She liked the kissing best, which was all right with me. Although I'm not sure whether eating pussy or kissing sets me off most. But the kissing was good, and then suddenly my teeth were clamped around one of her ears, and I held that ear there while almost ripping the hair out of her head, and she gave away.

I mounted her—on top—and there was trouble at first. I slipped over or under, and then she took her hand and guided me in. I was too drunk to be totally hard, but once I got it in I lucked it—the steel came along. It was a good ride, but I fell back once, quit, and then she started playing with me. She had a way of joggling my balls. She slid her tongue up and down the backside of my cock, then she took it all in—suddenly—and I ripped it out of her mouth, mounted her and came within 15 strokes—which wasn't too kind—but I didn't care—readings wore me out, and I still loved Holly better.

Kali didn't make it to work, and the phone rang about 8:45 A.M. Kali brought it to me.

"What?" I asked.

"This is Zana," she said.

Zana was my girlfriend from Texas. She probably cared for me a lot more than any woman cared for me. She was fine, not a bitch (except on certain off days), and she had the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in any living skull. She was good but damned, mostly because she knew me. However, she carried it well, and I thought I loved her. But I wasn't sure.

"Hey, baby, I'm sick, but it's sure good to hear from you."

"I'm flying out to see you," she said.

"Good, good," I said, "that's great. And I've been a good boy."

Zana gave me her arrival time, which was to be in a couple of days—after the second reading. I still had a chance to build up my sperm count. She had gotten the telephone number from Clyde, that ass. She didn't ask about the woman who had answered the phone. That was style. Zana had style. Also she was capable of killing me. What more could a man ask of life?

I don't remember the second reading because I began drinking too early in the day. I did come out of the blackout in the middle of the last poem. I read it on out and told them that was it. They kept hollering, "MORE!"

(continued on page 95)



"Excuse me, sir, but rest rooms are to your right."



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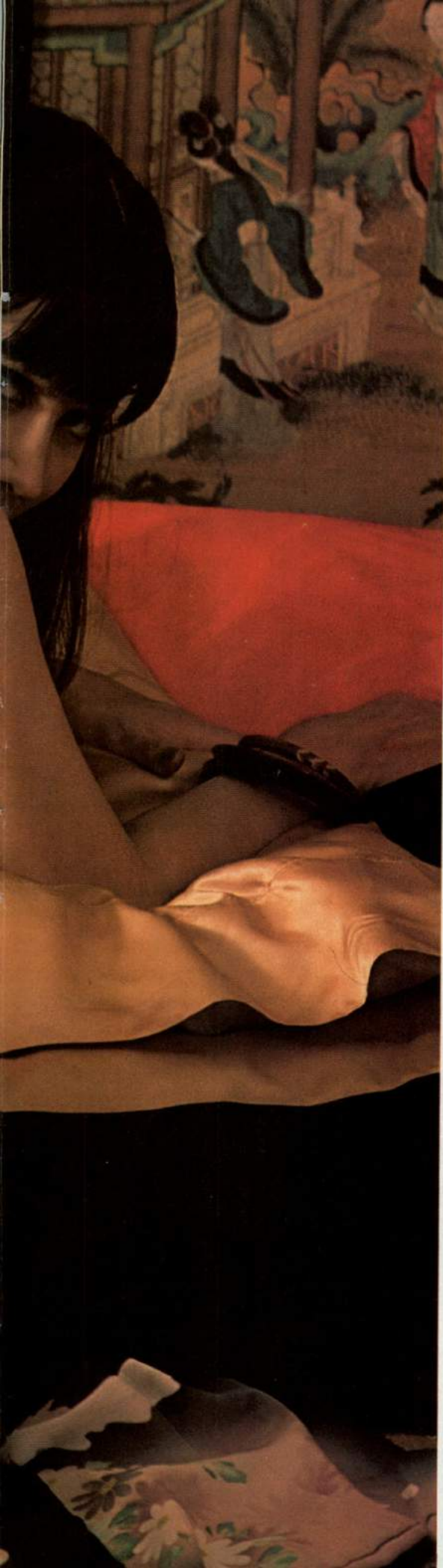
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Julie, 21, is a Jewish American Princess with delusions of grandeur. An apprentice photographer who knows her way around makeup and secondhand clothes, she likes to bring a little bit of faraway lands into the lives of her boyfriends, without paying the airfare. She makes their wicks hard by playing the dragon lady or a randy Indian maiden who knows the value of a buck or an Israeli officer who may ask for a quarter, but who'll give none.

"I hate predictability," says this native of Los Angeles—the Tel Aviv of the Pacific. "Mystery, the excitement of something new, is what really turns me on, and thrills don't come cheap. So I make sure I play on my disguises. When I decide to make it with a guy, well, have I got a girl for him! Once I do my Gaza strip, they're hooked by the nose!"

"Maybe I'm too eager to meet guys. I've got a couple of overlapping love triangles going as it is. But when I become another character, I find it so easy to really let go."

If Julie and her burning bush can't get a fire going in your loins, nothing will.



Representative for every thirty thousand, until the number shall amount to one hundred, after
hundred Representatives, nor less than one Representative for every forty thousand persons,
shall be so regulated by Congress, that there shall not be less than two hundred Representatives,
until an election of Representatives shall have intervened,
or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people
to keep and bear arms, shall not be enforced.

when ratified by Congress, and ratified by the
the number shall amount to one hundred
than one Representative for every forty
there shall not be less than two hundred

Bill of Rights Congress OF THE United States begun and held at the City of New York, on Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine

THE Conventions of a number of the States, having at the time of their adopting the Constitution, expressed
at further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added: And as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government, will best
RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress
assembled, that the following Articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all, or any of which
shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution, viz^t
ARTICLES in addition to, and Amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America, proposed

pursuant to the fifth Article of the original Constitution.
the first enumeration required by the first Article of the Constitution, there shall be one Representative for every thirty thousand, until the
the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress, that there shall be not less than one hundred Representatives, nor less than one
the number of Representatives shall amount to two hundred, after which the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress, that there shall
not be more than one Representative for every fifty thousand persons.
two, varying the compensation for the services of the Senators and Representatives, shall take effect until an election of Representatives shall
Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of
the press; or the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.
shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner; nor shall the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no
warrant shall issue, but on probable cause, and particularly describing the places to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

WHO WILL GUARD THE GUARDS?

A Look at the New Obscenity Laws by Herald Price Fahringer

Several years ago there was a popular poster that depicted the U. S. Constitution with the phrase "Void where prohibited by law" stamped across it. Certainly the recent constitutional crises in the area of obscenity show that the poster foreshadowed today's reality. There has been a series of decisions by the Nixon/Ford Supreme Court that has halted the progress the Warren Court had made in the area of personal rights.

Whether suffering from sexual atrophy, inspired by religious zeal or fearful of facing reality, the establishment has tried to suppress so-called pornography. The government and the Supreme Court go about it in such a fanatical fashion, using such convoluted reasoning, that one is reminded of the Salem witch trials. Their attempts to regulate or censor reading materials and films are in direct opposition to the constitutional guarantee of a free press.

In the probing article *Who Will Guard the Guards?* famous trial lawyer Herald Price Fahringer considers the corrosion of our constitutional freedoms and the prospect of their further destruction under the current Supreme Court. Highly regarded by his colleagues for his expertise in matters concerning freedom of speech and press, Fahringer is the general counsel for the First Amendment Lawyers Association. He is also a part-time faculty member at the New York Law School in New York City. Some of his prominent clients include HUSTLER, drummer Buddy Rich, educator and author Leslie Fiedler and *Screw* magazine.

Recently five members of the United States Supreme Court set new precedents governing obscenity prosecutions. With their rulings, a dark era was ushered in by the Nixon Supreme Court majority. Already the devastating effects of these regrettable decisions are being felt throughout all of America. A majority of the Court concluded that the community standards used to judge a work should be "local" rather than "national" and that no expert advice was needed to prove a book or film's content "obscene." Previously, a work had to be considered "... utterly without redeeming social value" before it could be condemned as obscene. This important requirement has been renounced. Now a work must have "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value" to escape censorship. In writing this most chilling chapter in First Amendment history, the Court rejected the right of adults to read or see what they please. In order to place these changes in the interpretation of the obscenity law in their proper perspective, it's important to take a brief look at the history of obscenity prosecutions.

The Roth Case

Until 1957, the subject of obscenity had received relatively little attention from the United States Supreme Court. However, in that year the *Roth* case appeared on the Warren Court's crowded docket. Samuel Roth was a seasoned publisher of erotica in New York City. He was convicted of sending obscene circulars and advertisements and a quarterly called *American Aphrodite* through the mail. The Supreme Court sustained Roth's conviction and concluded that obscenity is "not within the area of constitutionally protected speech or press." The Court then forged the test that would be used to measure all obscenity: "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." Thus, *Roth* became the landmark case and set the precedent for future obscenity cases.

Some legal scholars mistakenly feared that this test was too vague and would invite severe censorship. But in the years that followed the *Roth* case, the Court, in a series of brave decisions, overturned lower court obscenity findings in the motion picture *Game of Love*; a periodical titled *One—The Homosexual Magazine*; two nudist magazines entitled *Sunshine and Health* and *Sun*; and an imported collection of art student publications. In 1959, the Supreme Court reversed New York State's judgment against the film *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Thus, it was apparent that the Court

had devised a formula in the *Roth* case that would allow the American public greater freedom in reading and viewing what it pleased.

The battle of the First Amendment remained relatively quiet—until 1966 when the famous *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure (Fanny Hill)* case reached the Supreme Court. In a courageous decision, the Court reversed the Massachusetts obscenity ruling against *Fanny Hill*. In so doing, the Court reformed the *Roth* test, stating that before a book can be legally denounced it must be "utterly without

The elimination of the need for any proof has launched juries on a rampage that puts the Salem witch trials to shame.

redeeming social value." This decision, perhaps more than any other, greatly expanded what the American public could read and view.

In 1969, the Supreme Court electrified prosecutors across the nation when it held that mere possession of obscene material could not under any circumstances be considered criminal. Relying on *Roth*, the Court reversed Robert Stanley's conviction for possessing pornographic books and pictures in his Atlanta home. In other words, only the sale or distribution of obscene material could be constitutionally punished. Under the influence of this decision, it was thought that the Court was finally on the road to civilizing this primitive area of the law. The Court held that sexually oriented material is protected under the free speech clause of the First Amendment. However, the law would continue to safeguard

minors, and it would prohibit the mailing of unsolicited, sexually explicit material. As it turned out, the *Stanley* case became the Warren Court's valedictory opinion in the obscenity field. The great strides the Warren Court had taken were soon to be erased by a new judicial regime escorted in by Richard Nixon.

The Nixon Era

Richard Nixon was elected president in 1968 and began making appointments to the Supreme Court in 1969. When the next battery of obscenity cases was considered by that august tribunal, Warren Burger had been appointed Chief Justice, with Justice Harry Blackmun close by his side. The Burger Court soon began to revise the guidelines that had been established by the Warren Court and rejected the claim that sexually explicit material could only be considered obscene if distributed to minors or to an unwilling audience. In a series of lackluster decisions, the Court began to sound the death knell for the precedents that had been set by the Warren Court. By 1972, Justices Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist had joined the "Burger bloc," and the tide had turned.

The Miller Case

On June 21, 1973, the Court announced its decision in the famous *Miller* case. Miller had launched one of the largest West Coast mail-order businesses offering sexually oriented materials. Under California's obscenity laws, Marvin Miller was convicted of sending unsolicited ads for sexually oriented materials through the mails. The Supreme Court's decision in the *Miller* case became the Court's most formidable pronouncement and dominates the series of decisions rendered on that fateful day. Scholars had argued that since the First Amendment is part of a national constitution, it could not be geographically compartmentalized. However, the Supreme Court held that local community standards should be used to determine what is obscene; so, by changing the test for what is obscene, a given book or film may be read or seen in New York City, yet it could still be forbidden in Wichita or Memphis because of the obvious differences in community standards.

Under this misconceived rule, producers and publishers who are seeking national distribution for their product would have to limit the content to what is considered suitable to the most conservative community. In practice, this ruling would cause a film or publication to reflect the nation's lowest common denominator.

Proof of Obscenity

Another disappointing aspect of the June 21, 1973, decisions is the holding that the prosecution need not produce proof or expert testimony that would bear on the issue of obscenity. Historically, in every criminal prosecution, evidence had to be offered to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt in each of the crimes charged. Even in the simplest bookmaking case or narcotics prosecution, the government was required to come forward with evidence, expert or otherwise, to show that the slips of paper seized or the chemical substance confiscated was actually the contraband proscribed by the statute. However, this carefully designed rule of law was wiped out by the Supreme Court in its June 21 decisions. And the consequences have been shattering.

Failure to require any proof or critical opinion that the material is obscene is an open invitation to jurors to confuse personal distaste with prurient appeal and to subjectively suppress materials. It is unrealistic to assume that 12 jurors in any community in this country will know whether a work appeals to prurient interest or exceeds contemporary community standards. In most cases, jurors must have some guidance as to whether a publication or film has serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value. The elimination of the need for any proof on the issue of obscenity has launched juries on a rampage of legal sorcery that has put the Salem witch trials to shame.

The Printed Word

Under the Warren Court's remarkable leadership, publishers had come to believe that the printed word was constitutionally protected. They had been led to believe that any story about people and places, no matter how frankly it described their sexual experiences, was at least entertaining and thus had some redeeming social value. Accordingly, they thought this literature would be immune from criminal prosecution. However, in the *Kaplan* case, decided the same day as *Miller*, the Burger Court turned its back on this important principle. Murray Kaplan, who owned the Peek-A-Boo Bookstore, one of the more than 250 adult bookstores in the Los Angeles area, was convicted of selling an erotic paperback novel entitled *Suite 69*. Since the book contained no pictures, the petitioner urged that the written word could not under any circumstances be considered legally obscene. The court decided that this form of expression enjoyed no absolute protection. The consequences of the *Kaplan* case can be terrifying. By censoring an unillustrated

book that may nourish readers' fantasies, the government in every respect is controlling our thinking.

Under our concept of First Amendment freedoms, the choice of what book a person may read in the privacy of his home for his own amusement or enlightenment must be left up to the individual and not to the community or government. The suggestion that the state should attempt to regulate an individual's thoughts is shocking. In a more enlightened era, the Supreme Court had declared: "What is one man's amusement teaches another's doctrine. Though we can

By censoring an unillustrated book that may nourish readers' fantasies, the government is controlling every aspect of our thinking.

see nothing of any possible value to society in these magazines, they are as much entitled to the protection of free speech as the best of literature."

In a word, the most skillful or artistic writers do not hold any special franchise on freedom of expression. Therefore, even works of a dubious distinction must be protected if the objectives of the First Amendment are to be fulfilled. The *Kaplan* case may well lead to the censorship of a large mass of literature to which the American public should have access if it so desires.

With the collapse of the Warren Court's carefully constructed framework of law, pandemonium broke out in lower courts throughout the land as trial judges fumbled for a judicial path out of the rubble that had been left in the wake of the June 1973 decisions. In the utter confusion that fol-

lowed, the obscenity statutes of Arizona, California, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Massachusetts, New Jersey and North Carolina were declared unconstitutional. In other quarters, overzealous prosecutors, regrouping behind the *Miller* case, launched prosecutions against *Paper Moon*, *Carnal Knowledge*, *Last Tango in Paris*, *Deep Throat* and *Screw* magazine.

Carnal Knowledge

In 1972, Billy Jenkins, who was the manager of the Albany, Georgia, theater in which *Carnal Knowledge* was being shown, was indicted and convicted for distributing obscene material in violation of Georgia's obscenity laws. *Carnal Knowledge* was one of the most highly regarded and commercially successful films of 1971. The film earned an Academy Award nomination, made 17 "Ten Best" lists and grossed over \$35 million. One of the picture's most striking attractions was a view of the voluptuous Ann-Margret wearing nothing more than a smile. The Georgia Supreme Court affirmed Billy Jenkins's conviction, and the Supreme Court was obliged to review the judgment. The majority of the Supreme Court was stuck at the bottom of the legal pit it had dug for itself in the *Miller* case. In December 1974, it was forced to reassess the film and declare it not obscene, or face social embarrassment.

That same year the *Hamling* case was decided by the Supreme Court, and more irreparable damage was done to the First Amendment. William Hamling had conceived the idea of the Illustrated Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and accordingly published that compelling thesis with vivid pictures that depicted the subject matter of that famous report. Then colorful advertisements were mailed to approximately 50,000 persons. Of course, the flyer contained a selection of photographs from the illustrated report. Following a jury trial, Hamling and several of his associates were convicted of mailing and conspiring to mail the obscene advertisements in violation of federal law. The Supreme Court in *Hamling* held that admission of defense evidence commonly used in obscenity cases, in the form of comparable materials, could be properly excluded in the trial. Comparative evidence consists of documentation of other similar publications that are currently being sold in that community and that were previously judged to be not obscene. Those who are experienced in obscenity trials know that the most persuasive evidence demonstrating a book or magazine's acceptance is proving that similar material enjoys a high level of social tolerance and

has been declared not obscene by high appellate courts. What cannot be articulated can best be expressed by means of comparison. This important rule has now been clapped in irons by the Supreme Court.

The Court affirmed Hamling's conviction and concluded that the local community standard should be used in judging material in federal prosecutions. Previously the Court had held that local community standards should be used in judging state cases. The use of the mails or interstate transportation distinguishes federal prosecutions from state cases. This unfortunate judgment has encouraged federal prosecutors to use the realm of obscenity laws as a forum for their own opinions. Since local community standards govern the prosecution of a national film distributor, it would be more advantageous to the government if the charge is brought in a conservative rural community rather than a large metropolitan area such as Las Vegas or New York City.

A clear example of this was the *Screw* magazine trial held in Wichita, Kansas. The publishers of *Screw*, Al Goldstein and James Buckley, were dragged out to Wichita from New York City to stand trial for mailing obscene material into Kansas. [Though Buckley is no longer a partner in

Screw he must stand trial for the "offensive" issues that were published during the partnership.] *Screw* was never sold in Kansas and had only a handful of subscribers in that state, but postal officials subscribed to the magazine under fictitious names. The federal prosecutor appealed to the jury to convict Goldstein and Buckley to prevent Kansas from being turned into another "42nd Street." This appeal to fear and ignorance was successful, and the defendants were convicted.

This judicial sham was a direct result of the shameful cutting of some significant procedural safeguards by the Supreme Court: A Court that has lost confidence in the American public's ability to read what they choose without being corrupted by it. Under these rulings, publishers and film producers are much more vulnerable to prosecution. This has instilled in them an understandable fear that greatly inhibits them.

Certainly, we are all the losers.

The Memphis Massacre

The local "community standards" rule has enabled prosecutors to force the producers and the distributors of the movie *Deep Throat* to defend their production in the heart of the Bible Belt, Memphis,

Tennessee. In early March of 1976, they were ambushed by the government after having been drawn out of their own states by the use of the same dreadful tactics employed in the *Screw* case. Harry Reems, who had the distinction of appearing in this sexual epoch, was among the casualties. Thus, for the first time, an actor was convicted of a felony for merely performing in a film that the government claimed was obscene.

No less than 17 other defendants were caught in the cross fire of this hostile community's prejudice. If these strategies become commonplace, one cannot help but wonder what the future holds for set designers, cameramen, makeup people and those who write the credits for a given motion picture.

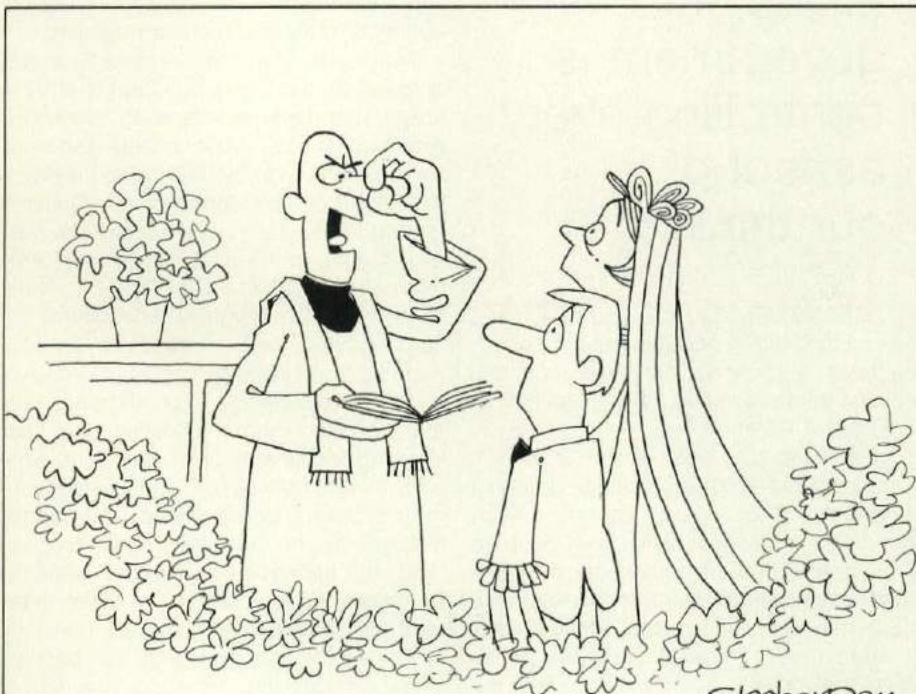
The prosecutor who led this insidious attack is now on a speaking tour, shamefully boasting of his success and inciting other prosecutors to launch similar raids deep into the provinces of the First Amendment. The Memphis and Wichita cases demonstrate how criminal prosecutions can be used as a handy implement to persecute those who publish newspapers and produce films that are objectionable to the state. Free speech simply cannot survive in the face of these totalitarian tactics.

Drive-in Theaters

Richard Erznosnik operated a drive-in theater in Jacksonville, Florida, that exhibited X-rated movies. The city elected to prosecute him under the ordinance that prohibited the exhibition of motion pictures visible from "any public street or public place" in which the "human male or female bare buttocks, human female bare breast or human bare pubic areas are shown." Unexpectedly, in June 1975, the Supreme Court found the ordinance unconstitutional because it was an overbroad restraint of free expression. In rejecting Jacksonville's claim that the ordinance served to protect minors from displays of nudity, the Court prohibited legislatures from concluding that all nudity is obscene to minors. The city's desperate effort to salvage the ordinance as a traffic regulation (apparently feeling that the sight of bare buttocks and breasts could cause accidents) was defeated by the Court because the law failed to distinguish movies containing nudity from all other films.

Zeroing in with Zoning

The zoning ordinance is one of the newer and more sophisticated weapons devised by municipalities to wage war on obscenity. In 1972, Detroit adopted an ordinance that



"And do you, Karen, promise to love, honor, cherish and douche once in a while?"



"I'll be ready when you get home, Carl. I'm cleaning it now."

sought to limit the number of adult theaters in any one area. Under this ordinance, an "adult" theater could not be located within 1000 feet of any two other regulated establishments, such as adult bookstores, poolrooms, taxi dancehalls and shoeshine parlors. The Detroit Common Council held that these establishments were particularly injurious to a neighborhood when concentrated in limited areas. Real estate experts testified that the proliferation of such businesses had an adverse effect on property values, caused an increase in crime, especially prostitution, and encouraged residents and other businesses to move elsewhere. The American Mini Theatres, Inc., the operator of one of the businesses affected by this new zoning law, sued in federal court to prohibit the enforcement of this ordinance. They lost the suit but then appealed, and the court of appeals declared the ordinance unconstitutional. However, in June 1976, the Supreme Court sustained the ordinance, and, in an opinion muffled by an inordinate amount of vague language, held that this was a valid exercise of the city's powers. Dissenters lashed out at the majority and declared that the ordinance imposed significant burdens on free expression and was bound to be misused by other municipalities.

These low-visibility prosecutions based

upon "zoning" ordinances usually mask attempts to suppress material that is constitutionally protected against attack on traditional grounds. And they can be handy implements to use in the persecution of those who are not easily reached by the statutory obscenity controls.

As another example, in New York City a major offensive is underway to "clean up" the Times Square area. A special task force was mobilized, and adult bookstores and peep shows in the Times Square sector were marked for destruction. The mayor of New York City, Abe Beame, was quoted as saying, "We are going to be as rough and tough as we can be. Despite all constitutional limitations, we stop at nothing when we try to put these people out of business." In the opening skirmishes, the peep shows were arbitrarily reclassified under the existing ordinances so as to relegate them to amusement parks, such as Coney Island.

The counsels for the bookstores and peep shows have challenged the constitutionality of these stratagems, and the matter is currently under litigation.

What About Tomorrow?

The *American Mini Theatres* case is one of the most recent judgments in a pitiful

string of bad decisions that have been handed down by the Burger Court. These decisions have left their mark on the First Amendment. There is little hope on the horizon.

The recent Supreme Court decisions are deeply disappointing to those who are committed to a legal philosophy that would grant greater freedom to what the American public may read and see. Prosecutions have sprung up that are bound to strangle many worthwhile films and books.

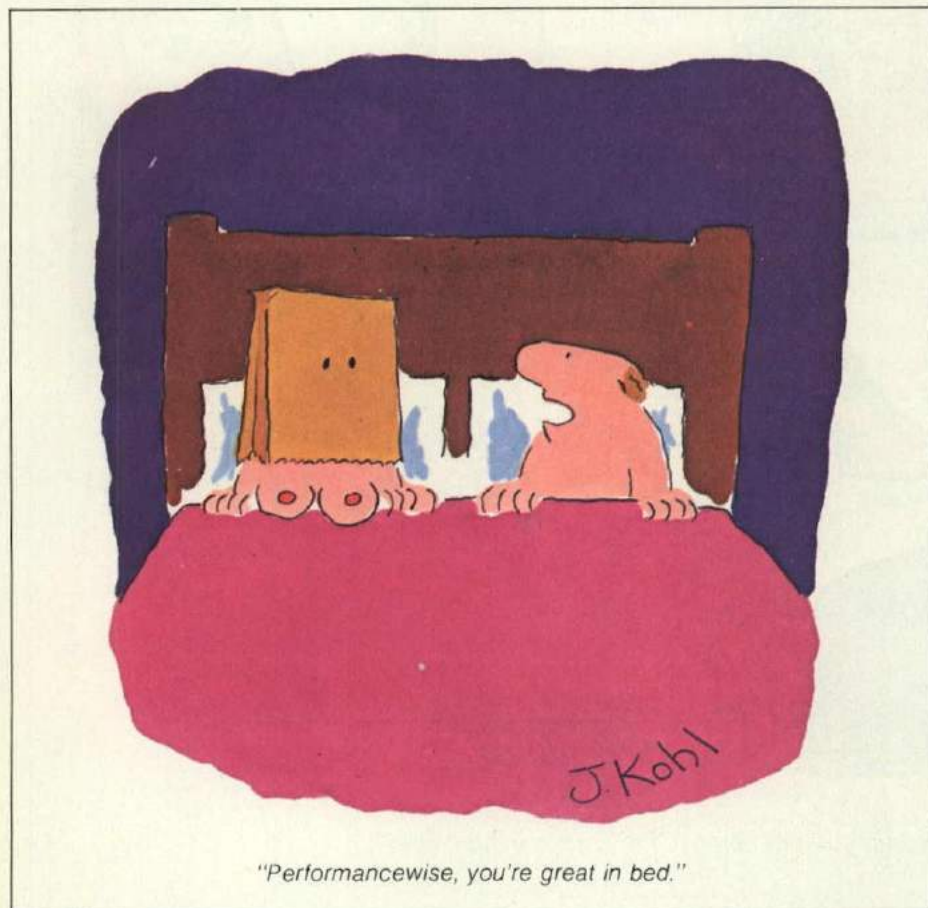
However, we must never lose hope that the day will come in this country when the pornography witch hunts will be a thing of the past. Only a frightened society is preoccupied with self-censorship. We must learn to live with the wide variety of tastes that the First Amendment encourages and protects.

The right to read and see what we choose must include every book, film, magazine or newspaper. Otherwise, in the long run it may include none. The walls of "decency" will become a prison for all of us.

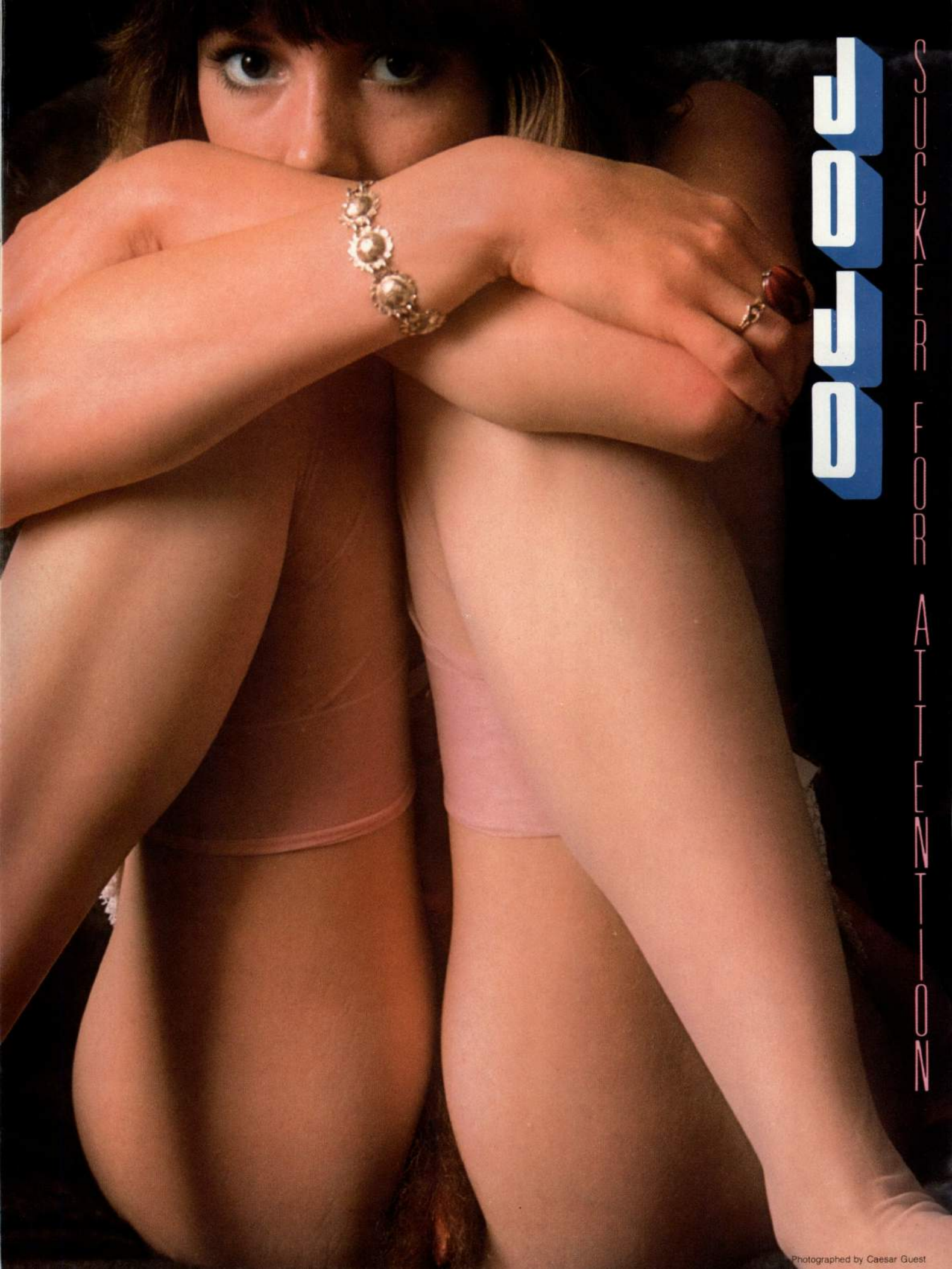
Those who believe that this country's new breed of writers and filmmakers should be admonished for using four-letter words and explicit sex scenes as shock weapons in their war on social complacency must remember that no one is compelled to read or to see what is repulsive to him.

The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, the largest task force of social scientists that was ever assembled to study the influence of obscenity, concluded that hard-core pornography does not cause an increase in sexual crimes or alter the direction of our sexual desires. It is regrettable that many of our political leaders have disavowed the findings of this remarkable study merely because the conclusions it reached were unpopular. Those of us who are forced to live in a world filled with wailing sirens, drug abuse and official corruption cannot help but wonder how much of our nation's resources should be allocated to trying to keep our thoughts pure.

Under any democratic system, it is imperative that new and unconventional ideas, no matter how offensive, should be heard for the sake of the few that can be used. Consequently, those who may be said to dwell on the dark side of the First Amendment, selling so-called dirty books and making second-rate movies, must be protected if first-rate books and films are to remain safe from censorship. Public officials should not act as arbiters of taste. When our government posts guards over us to watch our morals, then we must ask ourselves the question put to the Romans by Juvenal two thousand years ago—"But who will guard the guards?"



"Performancewise, you're great in bed."



Good

SUCKER FOR ATTENTION

At 23, JoJo is just getting into herself as a woman, and that's probably because of her new preference in men. "I dig older guys—around 40. They're much more attentive than younger men." JoJo likes her

sex "slow, gentle and sweet," so she appreciates those special touches that older men lavish on her.

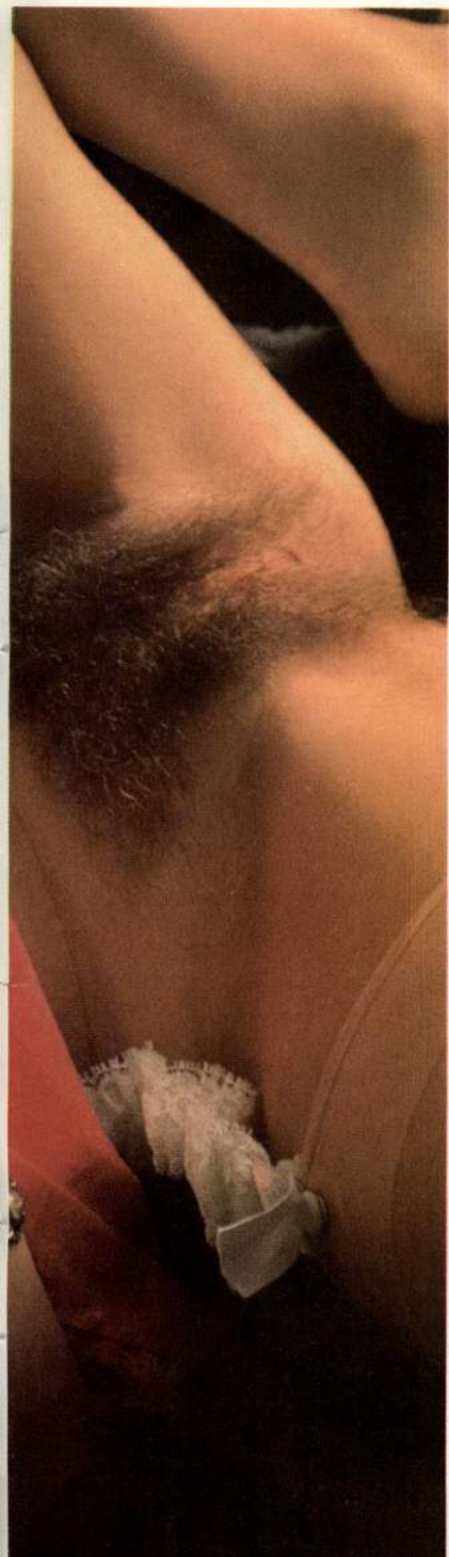
JoJo, a Los Angeles legal secretary, doesn't mind taking on a role by dressing to look older.

She knows that things like pearls and lace double her appeal and entice older men, who might otherwise be too age-conscious to make a play for her.

Most of JoJo's men are usually pretty straight, but they're not



too straitlaced to get down for some "daddy's little girl" games with JoJo. She says she doesn't mind being spoiled by this fatherly regard for her personal pleasure. We'd like to let her climb on our lap.



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PIT BULL

(continued from page 52)

"Gentlemen, pit your dogs." Both of the handlers release at the same moment, and the dogs literally fly at each other. After some furious snapping and maneuvering, the black and white has the tan by the shoulder. The crowd is cheering both dogs on, and the handlers are down on hands and knees right next to the dogs, shouting encouragement. Franklin comes over to tell me that he's just placed a \$50 side bet on the tan.

In the pit, the black and white still has the tan by the shoulder and is shaking its head furiously. There is blood running from the tan's shoulder, but it isn't whining or crying. It keeps trying for its opponent's neck but is overpowered on each attempt.

Suddenly the tan's legs appear to buckle, and it drops to the canvas, rolling as it falls. Son of a bitch! The dog broke the hold like a collegiate wrestler would. Now both dogs are on their feet, and the black and white looks back toward its corner. "TURN!" shouts everyone in the barn. The referee's voice cuts above the noise. "Gentlemen, handle your dogs!"

Both handlers pick up their dogs and carry them over to their respective corners. Incredibly, as soon as the handlers pick them up, both dogs turn back into pets, allowing themselves to be carried and even licking the handlers' faces. If anything, they appear invigorated by the fight.

In the corner, the handlers put the dogs down and check them over for injuries. I see the tan's handler shaking his head at someone, indicating that he doesn't think the shoulder wound is very serious. The dog doesn't seem to notice it. The timekeeper announces that the 20 seconds are up, and both dogs are again turned to face each other. Since the black and white dog turned, it is the one who must now scratch.

The referee nods to the black and white's handler. "Release your dog." The dog is freed and immediately starts across the ring. As soon as it nears the scratch line, the tan is released and they're at it again. Both dogs are doing a lot of moving around, but none of the holds seems to last. Within minutes, another turn is called, and since the rules demand alternate scratches after the first turn, it is now the tan that must scratch. Scratch it does, and the fight resumes.

Although it seems like only about four minutes have gone by since the start of the fight, my watch indicates that it has been

more than half an hour. By now there's a good deal of blood around, but it's hard to tell where it's coming from since most of the wounds are small punctures.

Suddenly the crowd gasps. The black and white, using jaws that can exert 1300 pounds of pressure per square inch, has broken the tan's foreleg. Seeing all the blood was a bitch, but I could handle it. However, the sight of this dog standing on three legs, with no one about to stop the fight, is too much.

"Franklin, you mean to tell me that's not cruel? His fuckin' leg is broken. What's the point of letting this go on?" I ask.

"Dave, what would be cruel is to take that dog out of the pit now, when it's plain that he still wants to fight. Look at him. He's not even thinkin' about that foreleg. He just wants to get that other bull. Besides, I still think he's gonna win."

Sure enough, within minutes, the tan has the black and white by the throat and is shaking out of the hold. The black and white breaks the hold and a turn is called. This time, however, the black and white makes no move to scratch. The tan, on its three legs, is straining toward its opponent, but the black and white just stands there as if the fight held no more interest for it. And apparently it doesn't.

As the 20 seconds are counted down, the noise in the barn grows deafening, and then it's over. The tan, broken leg and all, has won the match over an opponent that didn't even look tired.

"The fight was interesting. I'm glad I came and I'm glad I saw it, but I've got no more interest in seeing the rest of the fights," I say to Franklin. I spent the remainder of the day hanging around outside, occasionally walking back in to talk with Franklin and grab a quick glimpse of whatever fight was in progress.

To enjoy the fights requires a different perspective than the one I have. However, I can no longer say that dogfighting is an unconditionally cruel sport or that those who participate in it are cruel people.

There is no doubt in my mind that the dogs I saw enjoyed getting into the pit and fighting. And these same dogs appeared to be perfectly adjusted and extremely sociable outside the pit.

Franklin, Eric and Raoul...I've got no choice but to say that they are now among my favorite people. I can't begin to share their love for dogfighting, but in no way could I ever think of them as cruel people.

Captain Lambert is a good human being, and he represents one school of thought. Franklin is a good human being who represents another. I'm sure they'd dig each other, if neither one knew what the other was into. 🐕



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"So you wanna shock women. You wanna achieve erotic satisfaction from lewd and gross behavior.



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Now do just as I say. Steady... wait... not yet.... Now! Show her your nuts!"



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BIG DOPE

(continued from page 70)

MORE! MORE!" so I must have fooled them again. I walked offstage and went out back to Clyde's place, and there was another party. We smoked Colombian and drank beer.

People kept walking in, but none of them bothered me. Then a guy walked in, and by the look of him I knew he was a suck. His beard was perfectly trimmed and he wore a beret, an orange beret. His face had an essential and unforgiving emptiness. He gave off not only rays but waves of rays—muddled, stinking rays that made you look away from him.

He sat at my feet and introduced himself. "I'm a poet," he said. "Just like you."

"You may be a poet," I said, "but you're not a poet just like me."

"Anyhow, I'd like to ask you a question."

"All right."

"Well, Mr. Chinaski, I've read about you. You wrote for a long time without success. What did you do during this period when you weren't getting published?"

"I drank and I didn't bother anybody."

"Well, I'm a printer and also an actor. I feel that I'm ready for publication, so I'm going to publish my own book. Then I'm going to go about reading my poems, and I'll sell my books at the readings. I'm an actor, so I'll read my poems very well."

"OK," I said.

"The only trouble is that when I give readings nobody shows up," he said.

"Excuse me," I said. I got up and went to the bathroom. When I came out, I sat elsewhere. The party went on and on, and gradually the people gave way and vanished. I found myself sitting with a young girl, Alacia, about 18. She rented a bedroom from Clyde, and she lived there with another guy, although he probably paid the rent; but I didn't know where the guy was. Anyhow, Alacia and I sat there talking, and I kept rubbing one of my feet along the top of one of hers and said, "Let's make it."

She said, "No."

"Shit, let's do something," I said.

Alacia said, "Like what?"

"Well, give me a hand job."

"Hell, I don't know."

"There's no way it can hurt you, Alacia."

"I don't know. It just seems kind of dumb."

"So does talking about poetry and life."

"Well, I don't know," she said.

I took off my pants and stretched out on the couch. I pulled it out of my shorts. Alacia

just sat in her chair, staring at it. She kept looking, and it excited me. It was dumb; the dumbness of it excited me. The thing began to grow and rise. It reflected in her eyes.

"Is this all it comes to?" she asked.

"What comes to?"

"Your novels, your stories, your poems, is this all it comes to?"

"Yes, a hard cock. Touch it, baby, rub it, kiss it. I'm going crazy! Watch it grow and spurt under your eyes! Forget about writing and art. Almost all male writers have cocks, remember that. Whack me off, you blue-eyed witch!"

Alacia reached over and grabbed it. "Oooh," she said.

"Spit on your palm. Rub me."

She put her hand up to her mouth.

"Spit on it good," I said. My cock was throbbing like a cello in an earthquake, a major earthquake that would rattle the strings and kill 800 people. Her hand came down and closed around my cock. I had drunk a great deal of beer, but I had the faith. For a 55-year-old guy, I was as horny as a Catholic altar boy.

"Oooh," she said.

"It's getting bigger," I said. "Look."

"Yes."

"It's purple. See all those veins? That's from strain and trying to stick my dick in my ass. I've got hemorrhoids. And rub harder."

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Get it up near the head, mostly, and now and then give it a long, hard stroke. See how it's bending back? Shit, that son of a bitch is ugly!"

Alacia stopped talking. She just looked and rubbed. Her eyes were transfixed like a creature looking at a rattlesnake. Her lips began to open, and I could see her teeth. I could see Alacia's white, even teeth as her lips pulled back. I watched her lips and her eyes, and I began to get very excited. She beat harder and bent closer. I could feel the climax rushing up. I took both of my hands and reached up and got her behind the neck and pulled her head down over the head of my cock. She fought, pulled away. It angered me, so I pulled her back with one hand and opened her mouth with the other as I jammed my cock toward her mouth. I missed and came all over her cheeks.

Alacia jumped up. I could see the sperm rolling down the left side of her face. Not much of it, but I could see it. She felt it, and with the back of one of her wrists she brushed it away. Then she ran into the bathroom. I found my pants, pulled them back on, waited, then got up and went to the refrigerator and unscrewed another beer.

It was some time before she came out, so I stretched out and thought, conquest, conquest, conquest.

Alacia came out of the bathroom looking

younger and more beautiful than ever. She looked *untouched*, strangely untouched, virginal, and yet it was just as it should be because I had hardly *penetrated* her except in the worst way—spiritually. It's always better for a woman to get simply fucked than played with.

Looking at her, it almost made me hot again; yet I knew I had lucked it as far as my luck would go.

She stood over me and said, "America's greatest poet. You want to know what you are? You want to know what you really are?"

"What?"

"You're a shithead, you're a shithead, a SHITHEAD!"

"Now wait a minute, baby. The food goes in the mouth and comes out the ass."

"Shithead, I gotta tell you something. I'm going to tell Marty what you did to me! Shithead, shithead, *shithead*!"

"Who's Marty?"

"The man who loves me."

"Really?"

"He'll kill you!"

"OK."

"You're a smart fuck, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

Alacia abruptly walked out of the room. I rolled from my side to my back, thinking, ah, boy, you see, you've gotten most of it back.

You've fucked and sucked and reamed and rammed. You've got to be king.

Alacia came in; I could hear her walking slowly. "Here's a memory from me to you."

"Thanks, baby."

It fell all over me. A dishpan of cold water. It was a *large* dishpan. It was cold, and there was plenty of it.

Alacia laughed wildly, and I stretched out there, soaked.

"Bitch," I told her, "if I had any sperm, I'd rape you for that!"

She kept laughing as she walked into her bedroom. She closed the door, still laughing. Now and then she would stop, then begin again. I took off my wet clothes, turned the couch pillows over and was soon asleep.

* * *

I met Zana at the airport the next day. She looked good and healthy, the way Texas women looked. Tommy had the car, so he drove us to Holly's place. Holly had agreed to let Zana and me have her place for the weekend. She was going off somewhere. We stopped for beer and smokes. Tommy gave us a bit of Colombian, and we also bought some toilet paper. Tommy had a smoke with us, and then he left. I saw one of Holly's shoes that I had tried to fuck, and I thought, Jesus, how am I going to fuck Zana? I think I'm out of sperm, and I love her more than any of them. She's got soul and class, and she cares for me—maybe even loves me. Goddamn, why couldn't I have waited? Well, there was one thing left, and something I hardly minded doing. We sat around drinking and talking.

"I've been a good boy," I told her.

"I'm sure as shit glad to hear about that. There are a lot of star fuckers in this world. Just think how much Elvis must get? He must get so much that he's lucky to get it up anymore," she said.

"Is that all it comes to?" I asked.

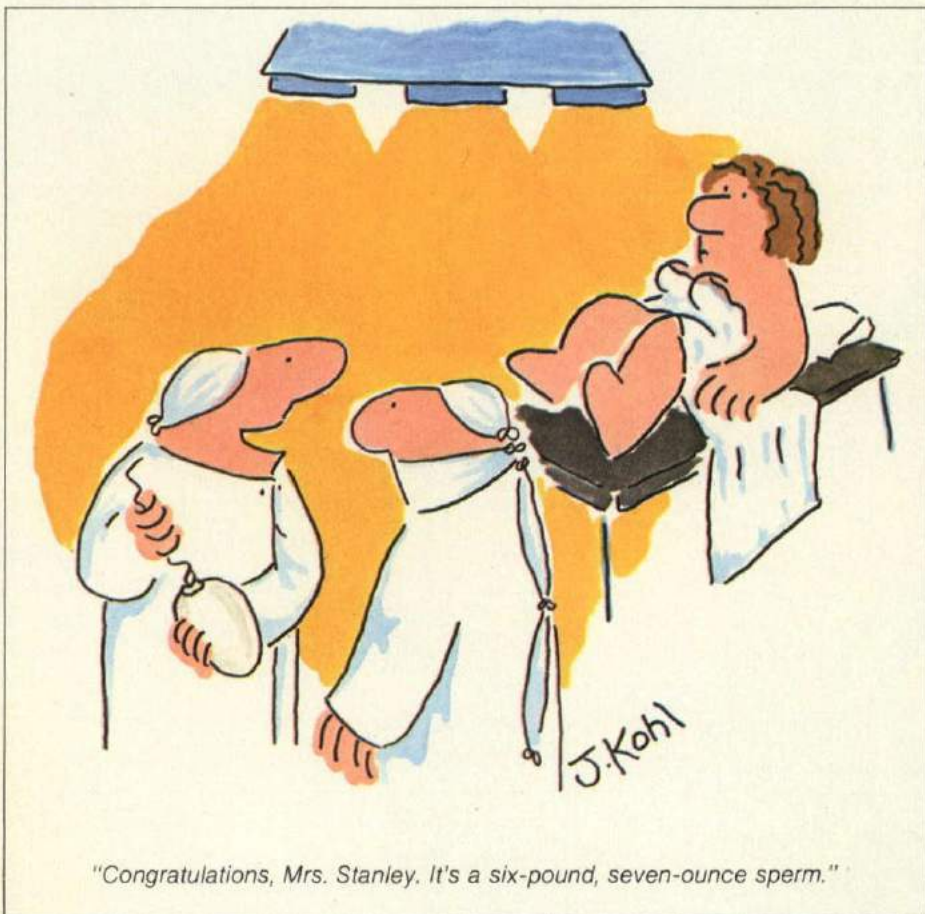
"What?"

"My novels, my stories, my poems—is that all they come to: a hard cock?"

"Baby," she said, "I don't know which I like better, your writing or your cock. And when either of them stops working, I'll be the first to let you know."

We went to bed three or four hours later. She had flown thousands of miles to see me. That was flattering, and frightening. I held her close and began playing with her hair. Strangely, my cock hardened, but I still felt spermless. I gave her my one-tenth kisses, just brushing or leaping at the mouth quickly, then pulling away. I yanked at her hair, sucked her ears, bit her on the neck.

Then I moved to her breasts, then her bellybutton, then I was down there where the hairs started over the cunt. I pulled at a few strands of them with my teeth. Then



"Congratulations, Mrs. Stanley. It's a six-pound, seven-ounce sperm."

suddenly I gave it the nose run, starting down at the ass and running it up and through. She groaned, and I gave her yet another nose run. Then I let loose the tongue, but quite subtly. I began far away, circling the whole area and approaching closer and closer. Then I ran it up and down, ever so lightly, and I could feel the tip of my tongue brush her clit. I shoved my tongue, once, into the cunt proper, then I worked it on the clit, lightly and continuously. I imagined her to be a strange woman in the back seat of my car who was powerless to resist me; she wanted to but didn't know how. I increased the pressure and began rhythms against the clit with my tongue—one, two, three, quick, then stop, then one, two, three, quick, then stop. "YES, YES, YES, YES, YES!" she said. Then she farted. "I'm sorry," she said. I hit it again. She farted again. Then I sucked the clit into my mouth, and she really began to roll and react. I worked it up and down, now and then getting the flick of the tongue behind it, and I almost let it go out of my mouth several times, then sucked it back in. Her legs closed about my head, and we bounced about. I still tried to work the magic, but it was more difficult. She unwrapped me, and I fell back.

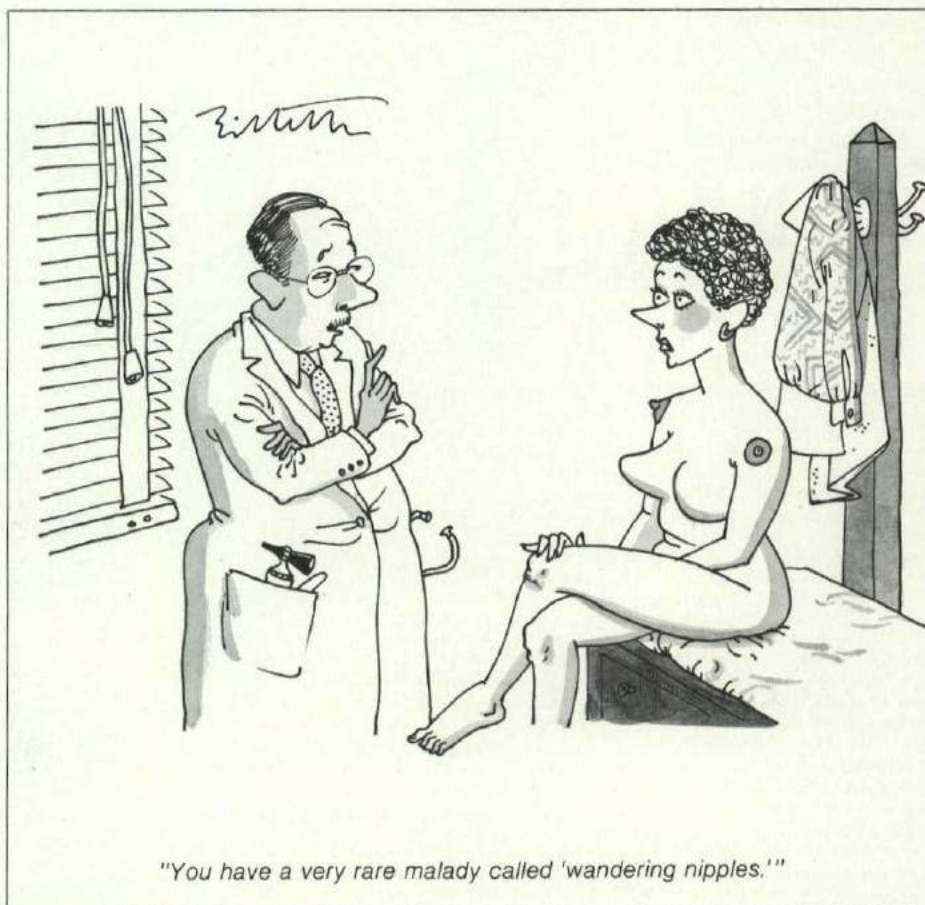
"Listen, baby," I said, "I don't think I can fuck tonight. The readings, all that drinking. I'm burned out."

"Hey, daddy," said Zana, "it's all right. I'll be fine."

We fell asleep after that, and when we awakened we decided to leave that day, Saturday, instead of Sunday. We lucked it with the airport reservations, and we left a note for Holly: "Thanks for letting us use your tub, basin, springs, garbage disposal and potty. We leave you a touch of Colombian, one mescaline capsule and our love. Zana and Chinaski." We also left behind a couple of steaks and four rolls of toilet paper.

Clyde drove us to the airport, gave me the \$500 in cash, mostly 20s and 50s, and I knew what Whitman meant when he said, "To have great poets we must have great audiences too." Although I think it worked better the other way around. I bought a couple of rounds at the airport bar, and then we got on the jet. It stopped off at Houston, and they discovered motor trouble. All the passengers waggled around the counter clerk as if he were some great inside God of Information. It was flight number 72.

Zana and I walked down to the bar, which was eons away. We sat at a corner table, alone, and started on the vodka: vodka and Seven-Up for me, vodka tonic for her. I remembered once being locked in at O'Hare during a tornado warning. All of us were in that airport six and one-half hours.



"You have a very rare malady called 'wandering nipples.'"

You've never seen so many drunks, except on a New Year's Eve night. One poor fellow stepped out of the bar and started rocking back and forth, teetering. All eyes were watching him. When he fell, he hit in the worst way possible—backward, his head hitting the cement, bobbing up and down a few times, then settling. I was one of the first to run toward him, but others were swifter. The first to get to him was a kindly old man with a long white beard, which was stained with some yellow substance, and he wore a Chicago White Sox baseball cap. He said, "Hey, buddy, you all right? I'm gonna get you some help!" He found the guy's wallet in his jacket pocket, slipped it down the front of his own shirt and ran off hollering, "Help, help, there's a man hurt back there!" Then he was around a corner and gone.

Zana and I sat there drinking and waiting for them to fix the engine. We got into some kind of argument, although what it was about I wasn't sure. Zana was more sure of what it was about, and finally I just got quiet. She kept talking and we both kept drinking. I'm not sure just how much time went by, but these two people, a man and a woman, came into the bar and walked right up to our table and said, "Are you the two people missing from flight 72?"

"Yes," I said, "we are."

"Well, the flight is ready. Please hurry!"

I left the money for the drinks, and we ran after the two people. "Oh," said Zana, "don't run so fast. They're not *really* ready; they just act that way."

"No, no," I said, "they're ready, they're ready!"

I pulled her along by the hand. "HURRY! HURRY!" the two in front of us yelled back. We were drunk; it's harder to run in that condition. We ran out onto the airport ramp. All the passengers were waiting. Through their windows, they looked at us with something less than looks of love. The pilot stood at the cabin entrance. "HURRY! HURRY!" he yelled, and we ran up the steps and into the plane. There were two seats in back. We strapped ourselves in, and they pulled away the loading steps and the plane began moving. Soon we were in the air. We got free drinks, and Zana began crying, the tears rolled and rolled. And that was about all there was to the poetry reading sponsored by the dope dealers. Zana finally stopped crying, and when we landed at her hometown airport we were the last off the plane. As I passed by with Zana, one of the stewardesses asked me: "Do you folks have your problems solved now?" And I told her, "Not by *any* means. We're a *long* way from that."

Which has since proven to be truer and truer, though we are still friends. ☹️

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HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

March brings forth the first days of spring, and Beaver Hunters all across the country are rising to the occasion as they spring to their cameras to celebrate. As any lenshound will tell you, there's nothing like snapping pictures of some sweet, young vertical smile to promote a feeling of warmth. So why not throw off winter's chill by taking some color photos of your Honey in the nude.

Send us a sharply focused photo—color only, please—of your favorite nude model along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form on page 110. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER

magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo, and if we publish your Honey's picture, you'll also receive a \$50 contributor's fee. If your lady is chosen as Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of degenerate HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$750-\$1500 professional modeling fee. And let's face it, no girl can remain cool to this kind of compliment for very long.

Photo by Victor Arzate



Sandra Montenegro is a 31-year-old gym instructor in Mexico City, and we hope her school's student body is in as good shape as she is. Sandra loves swimming and sex and says her kind of man is tall and athletic. She says she'd like to find five such men and make love to all of them at the same time.

Photo by Steve Hall



Bobbie Hall, 23, from Fort Worth, Texas, writes that she is a bored housewife with nothing to do but look for sex. We have a feeling she'll find what she's looking for.

Candy, 19, comes from Dallas, Texas, where she works as a model. She likes to pose for nude shots because they put her in the mood to party. Her fantasy is to make love on a mountaintop.

Photo by Bob Thomas

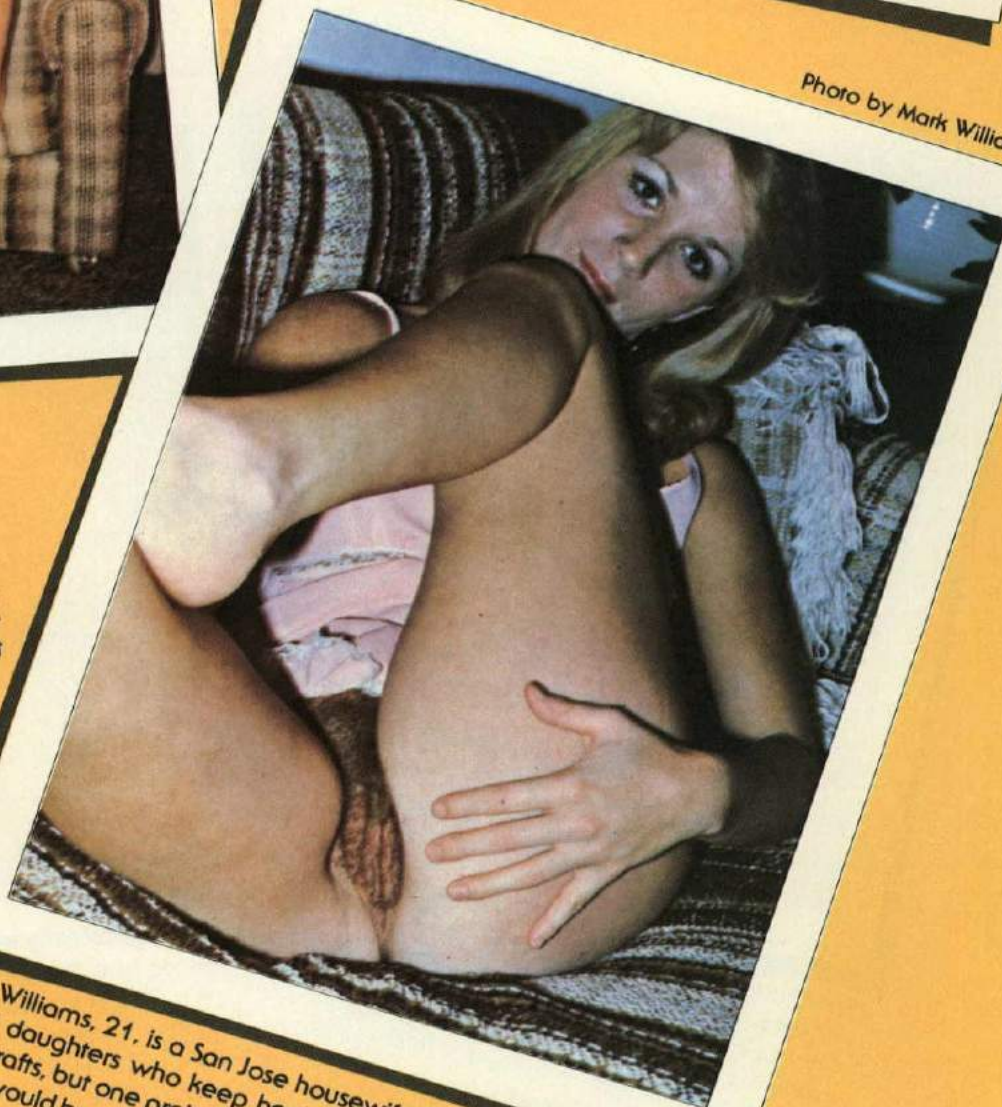


Photo by Harold Smunn



Destiny Powers, a 29-year-old Reseda, California, model, somehow manages to find the time for flying, tennis and boating on Lake Mead. Destiny seems to be into vehicular sex, and she tells us that she'd like to make it at night in her plane with several guys turning her on as she flies through the air with the greatest of ease.

Photo by Mark Williams



Maxine Williams, 21, is a San Jose housewife with two beautiful daughters who keep her hopping. She likes arts and crafts, but one project she'd really like to apply herself to would be a threesome with Starsky and Hurch.

Photo by Dennis Moore



Donna Moore is a 21-year-old housewife from Dillsburg, Pennsylvania, who loves being photographed in the nude. She writes that she also loves to have sex in new and unusual places.

Photo by Buddy B.



Jane Peters is 27 and lives in New Rochelle, New York. A survey researcher, she likes to make furniture and jewelry, but her ideal spare-time occupation would be "enjoying pounding sex at the beach near the thundering ocean's waves and coming and coming."

Photo by William B.



Katie B. is a Birmingham, Alabama, housewife with a green thumb. When she isn't fooling around with her houseplants and pets, she dreams of a threesome with her husband and another girl.

From Atlanta, Georgia, Janice Ellison is a model and dancer. Twenty-year-old Janice loves to go to parties, and she confides that her secret wish is "being Snow White and making it with the seven dwarfs."

Photo by Jim Jones



Krystol, 20, is an Allen Park, Michigan, barmaid who divides her spare time between sex and modeling. Krystol would like to pop a male cherry some day.



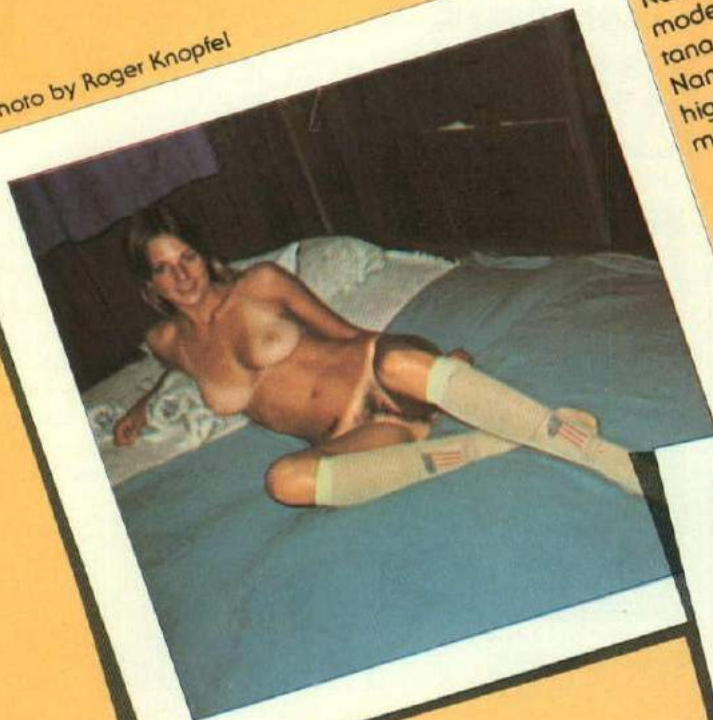
Photo by G. J. B.

Photo by John S. Baldwin



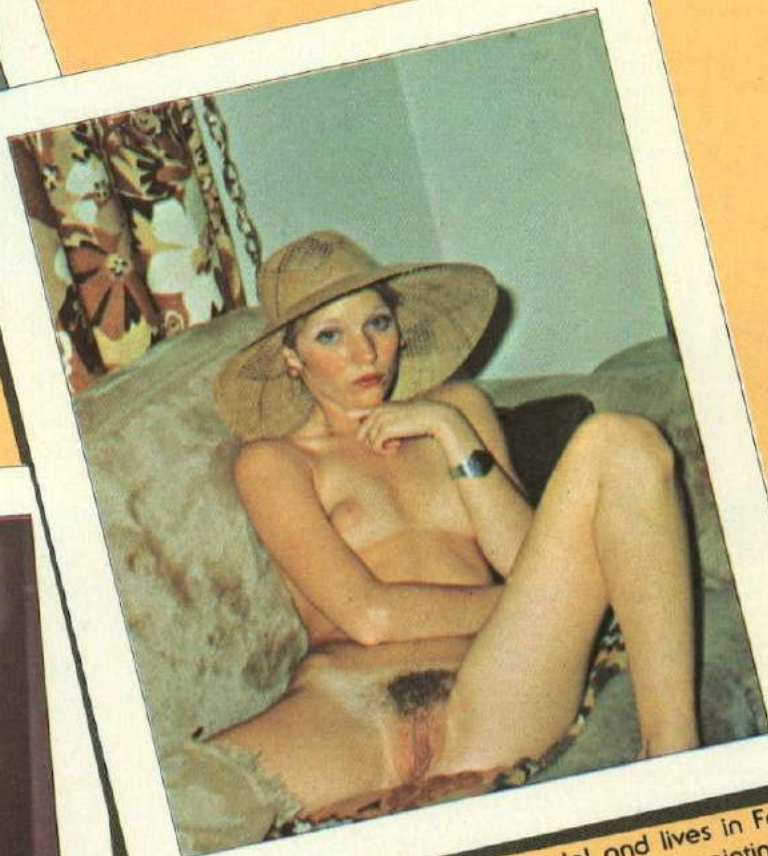
Maria Baldwin, 21, is a secretary from Warren, Ohio, who numbers "photography and pornography" among her hobbies. Maria's favorite sexual day-dream is "being a nurse in a hospital full of gorgeous men and seducing every one of them!"

Photo by Roger Knopf



Nancy Knopf, a 19-year-old model from High Ridge, Montana, loves horseback riding. Nancy says that she'd be riding high if she could make a stag movie with her husband.

Photo by Clive Scoop



Heather Liberty, 24, is a model and lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Heather is into oil paintings, sculpture and the gentle art of sex—which she enjoys best with "large men."

Photo by Chuck Bond



What Loretta Kent lacks in years, she makes up for with her precocious appeal. A student who attends group encounter sessions, Loretta likes to tease her male teachers by not wearing panties to class.

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

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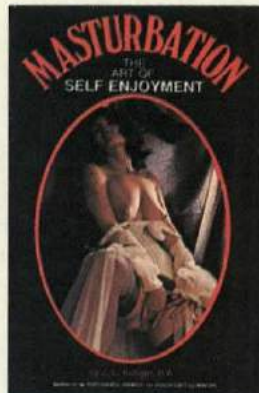
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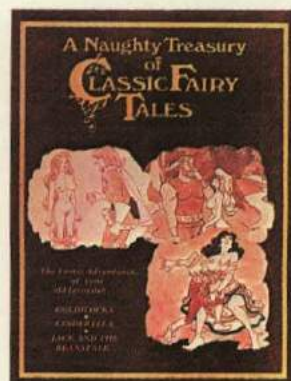
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KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

PLAYING A NEW HAND

by Jean Christie

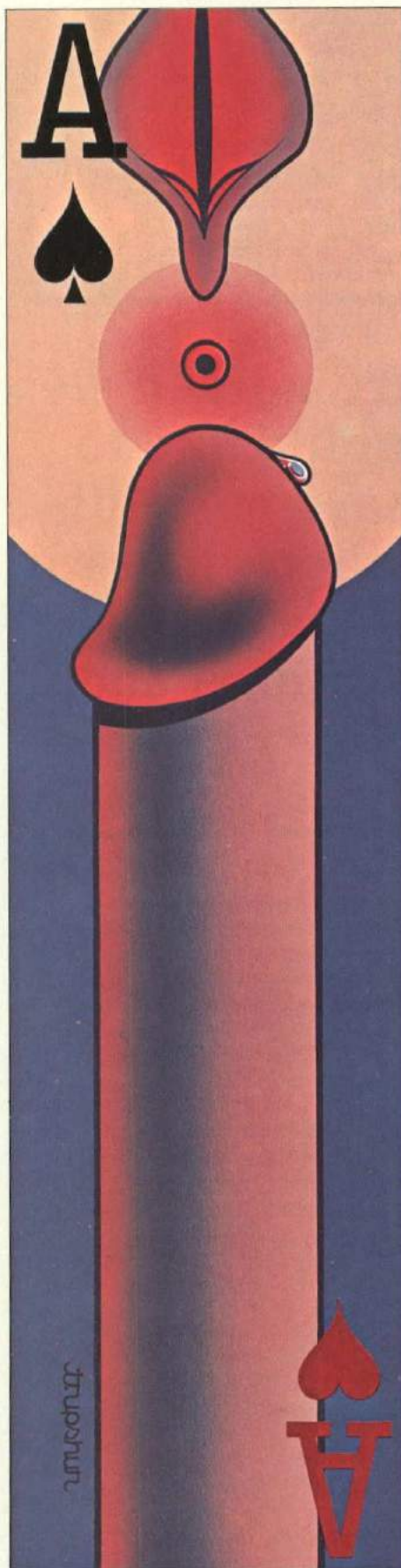
My husband, Jim, and I now practice what is known as an open marriage; but this has not always been the case. I was a virgin when we got married, 13 years ago. My husband was the first man to ever see me nude—much less to have sex with me—until about five months ago. Since then, things have really changed.

My husband and I now enjoy sex with others. I am only sorry we waited so long to discover the full range of sexual opportunities. We both enjoy HUSTLER, especially *Kinky Korner*, and that is why Jim suggested that I write and share our experiences in our newfound world of sex. We always get horny reading this section and hopefully our story will provide enjoyment to others. It might also turn them on to a more open way of life.

Last Labor Day weekend, Jim's brother Bob visited with us while his wife and kids took a trip to visit her parents before school started. After dinner on the last night of the weekend, we played cards and drank. After several games of three-handed gin, Jim suggested that we play poker. He and Bob both played cards frequently, and since I won every hand at gin, they thought they would beat me at poker.

At first we just played regular poker with chips, but no money. I don't know much about poker, but I was winning most of the hands. Bob said you can't really play poker without betting money because you can't bluff if you don't have anything to lose. I jokingly mentioned several times that we play strip poker, and I mentioned it again. I'd had an awful lot to drink and had been especially lucky in cards so far, so I said it without really thinking. Little did I know how this simple remark would change my life—and change it for the better.

Bob was quick to react to my suggestion and said, "Let's play." All of a sudden, it dawned on me what I was getting into. I still didn't think we would go very far, so I told Bob to deal the cards. I won the first few hands, and then they started to win. Everything was pretty routine while we were losing things like socks and shoes. As we



removed each item, we did it in a seductive, teasing way and enjoyed a good laugh.

The winner of each hand got to say who took off the next article of clothing. I was losing faster, but I had more stuff to take off than they did. Finally I didn't have anything left but my blouse, bra, panties and skirt—and I lost the next hand.

Timidly and nervously, I removed my blouse. Both guys had their eyes glued on me even though I still had my bra on. Then I lost again. By this time I was starting to get excited. No man but Jim had ever seen me nude, and I had never seen anyone's cock but my husband's.

Even though I was getting excited, I was still nervous; so I used a delay tactic. I excused myself and went into the bathroom and took off my panties, which I was asked to remove. This way they still couldn't see anything. Then I started to win again, and before I lost another hand, Jim and Bob were down to their underwear. Since we were playing at the table, I only got the chance to see them when they stood up to take off their pants. However, I started breathing heavy when Bob took his pants off because his hard-on was quite visible.

When I lost my bra, I was really thrilled by the way they looked at my tits. I could feel my nipples grow erect as I unhooked my bra and slid it down off my boobs. I tried to hide myself as much as possible with my arms, but at the same time I was also getting off on showing my body.

Jim lost his shorts on the next hand. Then I lost my skirt, and I quickly took it off and sat back down. I was getting more excited and close to climaxing, knowing that I was sitting naked in front of Bob. When he lost his underwear, I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. It was at least two inches bigger than Jim's, and it was really stiff.

We sat there in the nude and nervously had another drink. No one really knew what to do next. I was so horny by now that I did not want to stop. In fact, I kept inventing excuses for Bob or me to get up for something so that I could see him and he could see me. I suggested we keep playing, and the winner would name what someone would do.

We decided to leave the kitchen, since the table was in our way, and moved to the living room. I won the next hand, so I made both guys spread their legs and move their hands from their crotches so I could see their cocks. They did the same to me on the next hand. When I spread my legs, they could see that my pussy was so moist it was glistening. When I won again, I asked Bob to jack off for 30 seconds. When I continued to

win, I also asked Jim to do the same thing. I had always wondered about men jacking off, and I now got to watch two of them do it. It was great. I next asked Bob to kiss my pussy. He just leaned down and kissed it without hesitation.

Soon it was my turn to be told what to do. With each hand that I lost, I had to masturbate in front of them, finger myself and kiss their cocks. I was also told to jack them off and kiss their balls. I can still remember how flushed with excitement I got whenever I touched Bob's cock. It was bigger than Jim's, and it felt so hard that just the fact that I had my hand around a strange cock made me tremble all over.

I also remember how surprised and horny I got when my husband won and said he wanted Bob and me to eat each other. By now we were so primed that I climaxed as soon as Bob stuck his tongue in my pussy and started to flick it across my clitoris. I wanted to suck him off, too, but Jim said that was enough.

When I won next, I was too shy to say what I wanted. I really wanted to fuck Bob, but I asked Jim to fuck me instead. Jim was excited, too, because he hadn't fucked me for more than two minutes before he shot his load into me. This broke the ice. Bob won next and said it was his turn to fuck me. Since Jim was the only person in the world I had ever fucked, I almost fainted from excitement when Bob entered me. His cock totally filled me. He didn't last very long either, but in the short time he was pumping me, I had two climaxes and still remember how wonderful it felt to have his cock in me.

Bob spent the night with us, and I had him twice more and had Jim once more. I was fucked five times that night. I was totally exhausted but was also in heaven. We spent the night in the same room, and as Bob or Jim fucked me, the other watched. While one of them pounded into me, I would look at the other's cock to see if it was getting hard. I realized that this was satisfying to me because it was the first time.

Jim and I were both a little embarrassed to talk about this afterward. I knew I liked it, but I felt Jim had only participated because he was drinking. I was also afraid that he had lost respect for me. Later I found out he felt the same way and was afraid I had lost respect for him since he had agreed to let someone else screw me. We downplayed the whole thing for this dumb reason for a couple of weeks.

At a party two weeks later, one of the men there started coming on to me pretty strong. So we went into the bedroom and started to make out. He unbuttoned my blouse and kissed my tits while his hands roamed up my legs to my pussy. He was fingering me,

and I had just started to play with his cock when we were interrupted.

There had been no doubt in my mind that I was going to fuck him. I felt those same tingles I had felt that night as I watched Bob undress and had him do things to me. I didn't care that I hardly knew this man. I was excited by being kissed and handled by a strange man. But the interruption unnerved him so much that he begged off. In fact, it had scared me, too.

That night I confessed to Jim. He really got turned on and wanted me to describe

We agreed we would like to have sex with others, and we would also like to watch each other.

how the man got his hands in my pants, how it felt, how his cock felt and the whole story. Jim really got horny and started screwing me. While we were going at it, we started talking about all that had happened recently, and it really turned us both on. I told Jim that I liked it, and I would like to watch him fuck someone else, too. Ultimately, we both agreed that we would not only like to have sex with others but that we would also like to watch each other in the act.

Our circle of friends was very uptight, which presented a problem. We decided our best bet would be to start with Bob and his wife, Marge. I agreed to approach Marge, and Jim would talk to Bob. It was really kind of funny because of our relationship with them. Strangely enough, both of them wanted to, but they were afraid the other wouldn't agree.

As it turned out, Marge was easy to convince because she had had several secret affairs since she and Bob had been married. I convinced her that if we got Bob to agree, which was no problem, it would make it easier for her to screw other people in the future. Later I told her about Bob screwing me when we played strip poker. This really excited her, and she wanted me

to tell her all about it. I also asked her to describe her affairs to me. This conversation was really making me horny, and as she talked she brushed her hand against my breast. Then she put her hand on my leg and ran it along my thigh.


Pretty soon we were kissing and feeling each other, and then Marge started sucking my breasts. We peeled off our panties and lay on the couch, kissing each other and fingering each other's pussies until we both came to a shuddering climax. I was looking forward to swapping with Bob and Marge now more than ever, and I was really thrilled when we got them to agree.

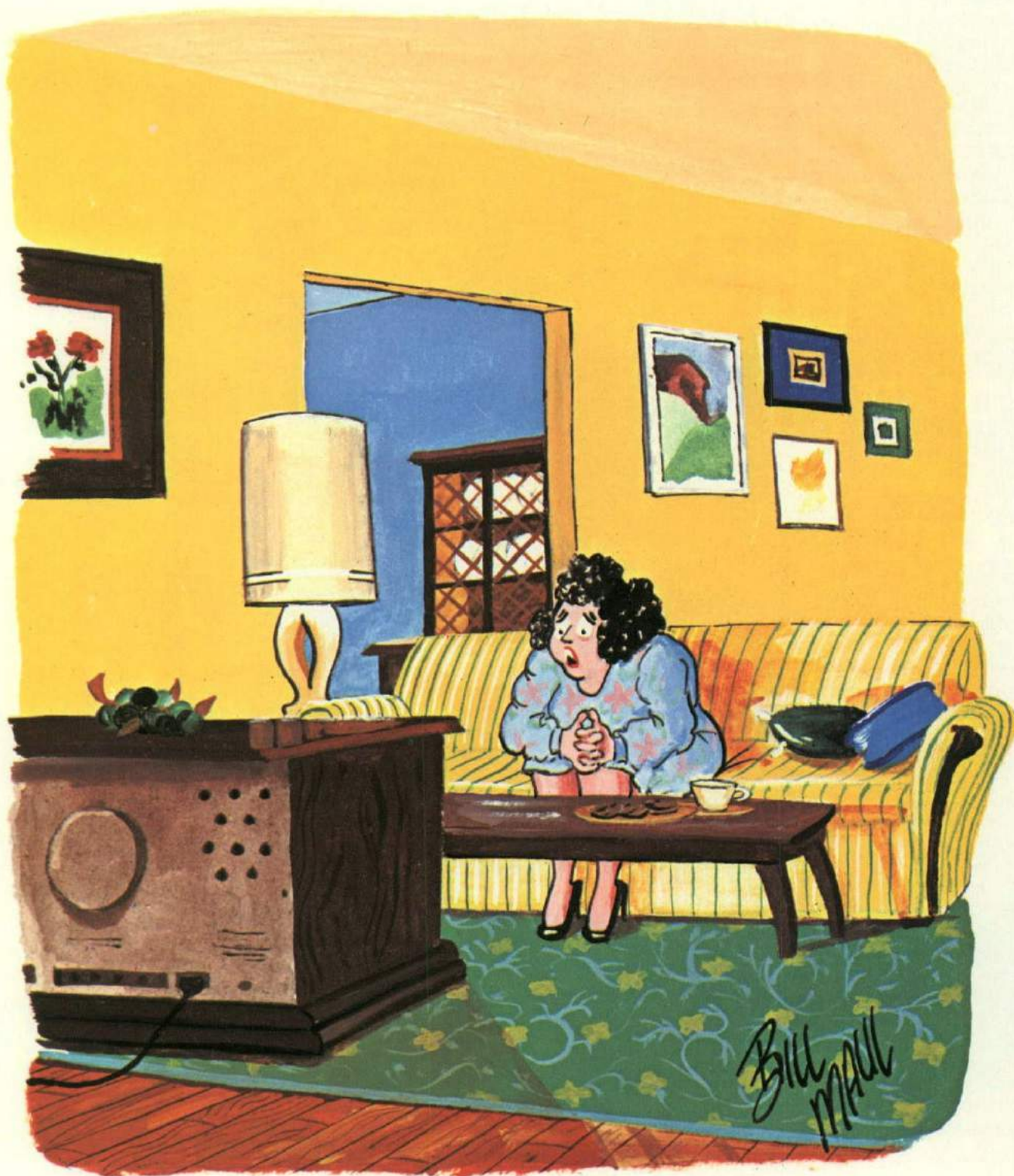
We decided to use our place. We also thought it would be fun to strip in the same room. I could see that Jim was staring at Marge as she pulled off her bra and panties. He didn't even take his eyes off her while he hurried to get his clothes off. Both Jim and Bob had hard-ons by the time they were naked, and I just couldn't wait to get at Bob's big cock.

As soon as we were undressed, we got down on the floor and started fondling each other. Jim was sucking Marge's breasts, and she was rubbing his prick. I watched him reach down and take her cunt into his hand. Bob was licking on my nipples and fingering me. I moved around to take his cock in my mouth, and he started eating my pussy. Marge was now sitting on Jim's face and sucking him. I could hear the sounds of tongues lapping wet cunts and Marge's muffled moans.

After I climaxed, Bob got on top of me and guided his cock into my wet and waiting pussy. It filled me, and after just a little bit of screwing, I climaxed again, humping my hips against him to take in every inch of his big cock. I could hear Marge moan as Jim entered her. This was Jim's first woman besides me, and I could tell by looking at him that he was satisfied with Marge. I still remember the expression on Jim's face while he was fucking her. He was pounding into her, and she had her legs wrapped around his back with her hands holding on to his ass.

I climaxed again as Bob shot his load into me, and I watched while Jim had his orgasm at the same time Marge let out her cries of pleasure. Watching Jim and Marge screw while Bob was on top of me made everything more exciting for me.

Since that fateful night, we often trade with Bob and Marge. We have also taken on other lovers since then. Jim and I now have had separate affairs. We don't push anything, but we let it happen naturally. Our sex life is much broader, and we have learned to enjoy sex to a much greater degree. We fully endorse our life-style. 



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Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted),
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mo. year

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For projector	<input type="checkbox"/> #3850 DYKES IN HEAT	category	A
and movie	<input type="checkbox"/> #3851 ENEMA BANDIT		B
package @ \$19.95,	<input type="checkbox"/> #3852 TEENAGE LUST		C
check here:	<input type="checkbox"/> #3853 ORAL ORGY		D

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 12)

infection that needs medical attention. I nearly cried. I've heard of vaginal infections from other sources, but never from saliva. Please tell me everything there is to know about this infection and what can be done to cure it.

A. M.
Schenectady, New York

Your girl's "unbelievable" infection is probably in her mind. If saliva did cause an infection, she'd have one in her mouth from kissing.

The wetness that saliva and sexual excitation produce could induce itching or bring out a cyclic infection (such as Herpes), but the probability of this is low. Send your girl to a doctor and find out if she does have an organic problem and how to best deal with it. Otherwise, you'll have to work on her mind before you can get to her cunt.

One of the guys I am dating told me he has the clap and wants me to go to a doctor. I am a very clean person and wash myself after intercourse. I also bathe daily. Wouldn't this prevent me from catching VD?

A. S.
Boston, Massachusetts

The bacteria that carry gonorrhea don't give a shit if you're clean or not; they'll invade your body and produce the disease regardless. Moreover, many women do not show external signs of the clap, so ignoring it is asking for trouble. Your friend was right to tell you about his dose. Return the favor and tell anyone else you may have fucked, and go to a doctor now. If you want more information on the disease, see the December 1976 issue of HUSTLER.

Could you please help me on a few things? First of all, due to a medical problem, I now have only one testicle. Can this put much of a damper on my sex life? I still get a hard-on and can come easily even though there isn't very much semen. Second, could you give me some pointers on eating a girl's cunt? I hope you can help me.

C. B.
Knoxville, Tennessee

You have answered your own question by stating that although one testicle is gone you can still get a hard-on and ejaculate (see Bits & Pieces, this issue). The testicles have nothing to do with getting a hard-on; their job is to produce semen. Consequently, you will have less semen to ejaculate but should have no lessening of pleasure. For pointers on eating pussy, see "Gems on Cunt" in the October 1976 HUSTLER.

In my entire life I have never fucked or been fucked by a woman, man or beast, and I don't consider it a problem. But the fact is that other people (friends, relatives, fellow workers) are in total shock that in this day and age a man in a large city has never fucked anyone, and their cruel remarks are driving me up a wall. What

motivates people to such disbelief and how can I get such ball busters off my case? Is it such a rarity for a 27-year-old guy to be celibate in this modern age?

F. L.
New York, New York

Most men your age who are virgins are complaining about it, so you are a rarity. We think that you're missing a lot, but if you're happy, keep your cherry. If you want to keep people off your case, don't tell them. For those who do know, assume a monkish demeanor and tell them, at great length, about your mystical visions. Then they'll know you're crazy and won't bother you again.

I really get a kick out of flashing. I don't mean to offend anyone, but if I can surprise some unsuspecting female—fantastic. How do I flash and make it appear unintentional? I don't want to end up in jail.

J. J.
Salem, Massachusetts

You're contradicting yourself. If you don't want to offend someone, don't flash. If only to avoid the possible shame of arrest, go to a psychologist and try to resolve the feelings that motivate your exhibitionism and need for attention. A woman asking to see your cock will give you more satisfaction than a woman freaking out from its unexpected appearance.

I am 18 years old and moved here a couple of years ago when my parents divorced. The girl next door, who is 14 years old, found out from my sex partner that my dick is nearly nine inches long. She's been telling everybody that the last time I fucked her, my dick was about two inches long. This is a dirty lie because I've never fucked her.

How can I convince her? If I show her, she will most likely tell everyone that I go around flashing my dick. Can you help me?

T. M.
Crowville, Louisiana

Ignore it. Who cares, or believes, what a 14-year-old says about your cock? Someday she may eat her words.

My question concerns inverted nipples on the female breast. I would like to know if there is any remedy for this, how they respond to sexual excitation, etc. Please give me any information you may have.

J. M.
Long Island, New York

Nipples are inverted either congenitally or occasionally as a result of surgery or disease and are as sensitive as normal ones, though breastfeeding won't be possible. Unlike the partially inverted type, fully inverted nipples won't harden through sexual stimulation. Plastic surgery can correct the condition with little discomfort; the scar is minimal and there is no apparent loss of sensitivity.

My wife and I have a happy marriage and two lovely children. For many years, our sex life was great, but that's changing fast. A few months ago, my wife started to complain that it hurt when I entered her. It doesn't hurt when she douches or inserts a tampon, just when I try to put my penis in. Needless to say, this problem is moving out of the bedroom and affecting our marriage. Is her pain real or is it something in her mind?

B. D.
New York, New York

It could be either. When your wife inserts a tampon, it may not hurt her, but there are medical conditions that can cause pain when a penis is inserted. Infections and irritations, scars from

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Photographer: _____

Send prize to:

☐ Model

☐ Other _____

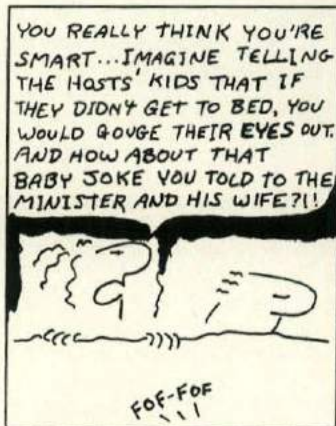
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian _____

List on a separate sheet of paper age, occupation, hobbies and sexual fantasies.



childbirth, or an operation, could be the cause. Have your wife go to a doctor. Also, be sure there is sufficient lubrication before you try to enter her. She could be dissatisfied with some facet of your relationship or nervous and tired from taking care of two children and consequently turned off to sex. She may not want more children, or is resentful of the last one, and this is her way of telling you. Check out the possible physical problems first. If her pain persists, it may be psychological.

My husband and I get along well in all ways, but I am worried about him because he always sits down to urinate. He doesn't have any physical troubles and claims that he simply prefers to sit down. He is masculine in all other ways, so what's wrong with him?

E. J.
Skokie, Illinois

Sitting down to urinate is not necessarily a female characteristic. Even if his sitting down is some unconscious female identification, it is harmless as long as there is no dysfunction or any other evidence of such identification. If there is, he might be having problems that will require a psychologist. Otherwise, if his toilet habits bother you, you are the one with a problem.

I read that there is a new way of sterilizing men without operating. If I remember correctly, some sort of laser beam is aimed at the sperm reservoir. Sterilization lasts for a couple of years and could be extended by repeating the process. I have consulted many doctors about this, but all they discuss are vasectomies or installation of a valve. Both involve an operation. Any comments on the subject?

J. R.
Brooklyn, New York

Sterilization with laser beams is a "Star Trek" fantasy, but you're on the right wavelength. The heat and vibrations produced by ultrasound waves make the testicles less likely to produce sperm. The sound wave experiments on animals have produced ten months (equivalent to several human years) of sterility without any side effects. Researchers are still waiting for government approval to test the method on humans.

I am in my late teens and enjoy intercourse and masturbation very much. I do real well now, but I'm afraid that if I screw around as much as I'd like to, I won't be able to screw as much when I get older. What can I do so that I won't "wear out" too soon.

L. R.
Baltimore, Maryland

You can stop being stupid and get down to fucking. No one—man or woman—can ever fuck too much. Frequent fucking has never led to impotence in later life. In fact, since you started early, you'll have more years to screw. You can go as strong at 50 as you can now—unless your mind gets in the way.

My boyfriend and I have discovered a real turn-on. We love pissing all over each other. Both of us drink a lot of each other's pee and would like to know if it's harmful in any way.

N. P.
Ashville, North Carolina

Urine is waste material not readily reabsorbed by the body. Consequently, the amount that is absorbed is not sufficient to be toxic or harmful. Unless you have a urinary infection, piss is sterile as it leaves the body; so don't worry about germs. However, drinking urine is not psychologically healthy.

I know this sounds weird, but for the last month I have been getting obscene phone calls. The thing is, I'm a man and the caller is female. She calmly tells me in very dirty language what she will do to me. I've heard of men making these calls, but never a woman. What's going on?

D. J.
Austin, Texas

Obscene calls are usually made by men, but occasionally a woman will get into the act. Since your caller does not express hostility and doesn't seem to be calling as a joke, she is probably motivated by the same feelings that cause men to heat up the wires. Obscene phone calls are a self-fulfilling act perpetrated by a sexually insecure person who cannot express sexual feelings normally. If the calls turn you on, keep answering. Otherwise, change your number.

My husband and I feel we have a very good sex life. When we first started going together, I would keep pumping after we reached climax. He would grit his teeth, but I never gave much thought to it at the time. We have been married for two years now and after climaxing, I do the same thing. Only now, instead of gritting his teeth, my husband starts to laugh and tells me it tickles his penis. What can be causing this?

C. W.
Toledo, Ohio

You are. After climaxing, your husband's sexual concentration is broken, his sexual sensations diminish for a short time and the friction from your pumping tickles him. If it doesn't bother him, go ahead. Laughter can be a pleasant addition to any bed.

My husband and I have only been married for seven months, but we are already having a problem. Either he is too large or I am too small because I have to grease his dick before he is able to get it inside of me. I really don't like depending on K-Y jelly in order to have sex. The problem is further complicated by the fact that my husband doesn't like any foreplay; he just wants to start fucking immediately and always with him on top. Do you think there is some way I can be stretched? Also, I have been off the Pill for three months. How long does it usually take to get pregnant?

M. R.
Erie, Pennsylvania

You are not too small. Your vagina will not produce the secretions necessary for comfortable entry unless there is foreplay and excitation. You will be stuck using K-Y jelly until you explain to your husband the necessity of foreplay to get you primed. He also needs to learn that sex is a lot more than just hopping on top of someone, sticking it in and going in and out like a rabbit. Tell him, or, better yet, show him the pleasure of foreplay and different positions. You'll both enjoy sex more.

You can get pregnant any time after you stop taking birth-control pills. How soon you conceive depends on the individual. Doctors recommend that you wait two or three months after you stop taking the Pill before you get pregnant. This gives your body time to return to its normal state.

Everyone Can Use Some Sexual Aid



SeasureTime Products
P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print

Name _____

Date _____

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City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge

to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

☐ #1616 @ \$29.95 each

☐ #1617 @ \$11.95 each

☐ #1618 @ \$19.95 each

Interbank No.	Exp. Date	mo.	year
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Signature _____

I am of legal age and understand that my product is guaranteed for 30 days and will be replaced free of charge if found defective due to craftsmanship. Otherwise all sales are final. (Dealer inquiries invited.) (Add \$2 for foreign orders.)

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed. Delivered promptly by private carrier.

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance 2.00 per kit _____

TOTAL \$ _____

Sexual irregularity can really slow down your system and put you in a bind. When your love life becomes constipated, sometimes you need a doctor to prescribe a laxative to loosen things up. "Doc" Johnson's LOVE KIT contains everything necessary to flush away your worries and provide quick relief. Available in three sizes.

LOVE KIT #1616

Fruit-flavored Lubricant
Jungle Love (24 capsules)
7-inch Vibrator
Squirmy Rooter
Hand Vibrator
Batteries
Vitamin E (100 capsules)

LOVE KIT #1617

includes:
Jungle Love
German Tickler
Mini-vibrator
Fruit-flavored Lubricant

LOVE KIT #1618

includes:
Fruit-flavored Lubricant
Prolonging Ointment
Jungle Love (24 capsules)
Stimulator Sleeve
7-inch Vibrator

EXPRESS ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

HONEY HOOKER

THE RECESSION HAS HIT THE WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSION AND HONEY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO HAWKING HER HEINIE AT A NEVADA BROTHEL THAT CATER'S TO BIZARRE TASTES.

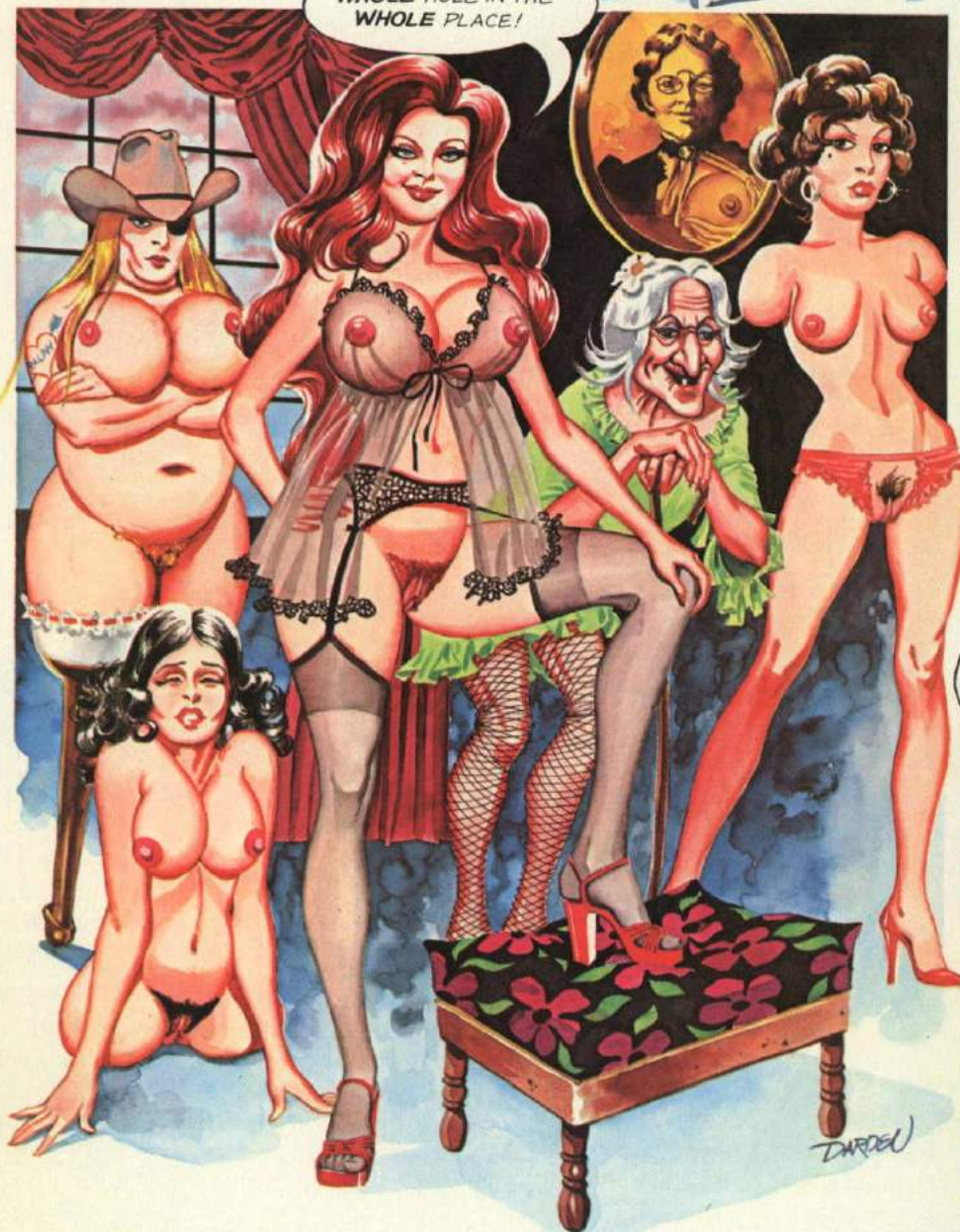
CHRIST!

I'M THE ONLY
WHOLE HOLE IN THE
WHOLE PLACE!

ONE-ARMED
BANDIT
BORDELLO

BELOVED
LEFT
LEG

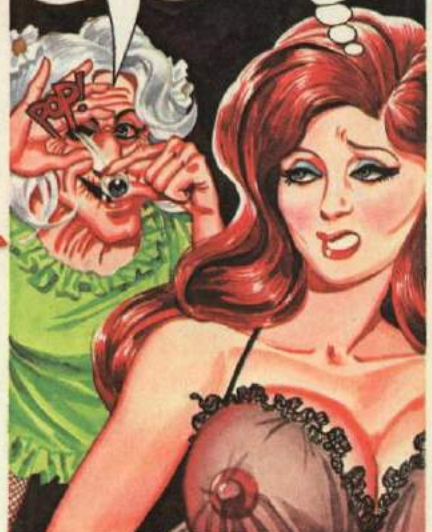
DIED
WITH ITS
BOOT ON

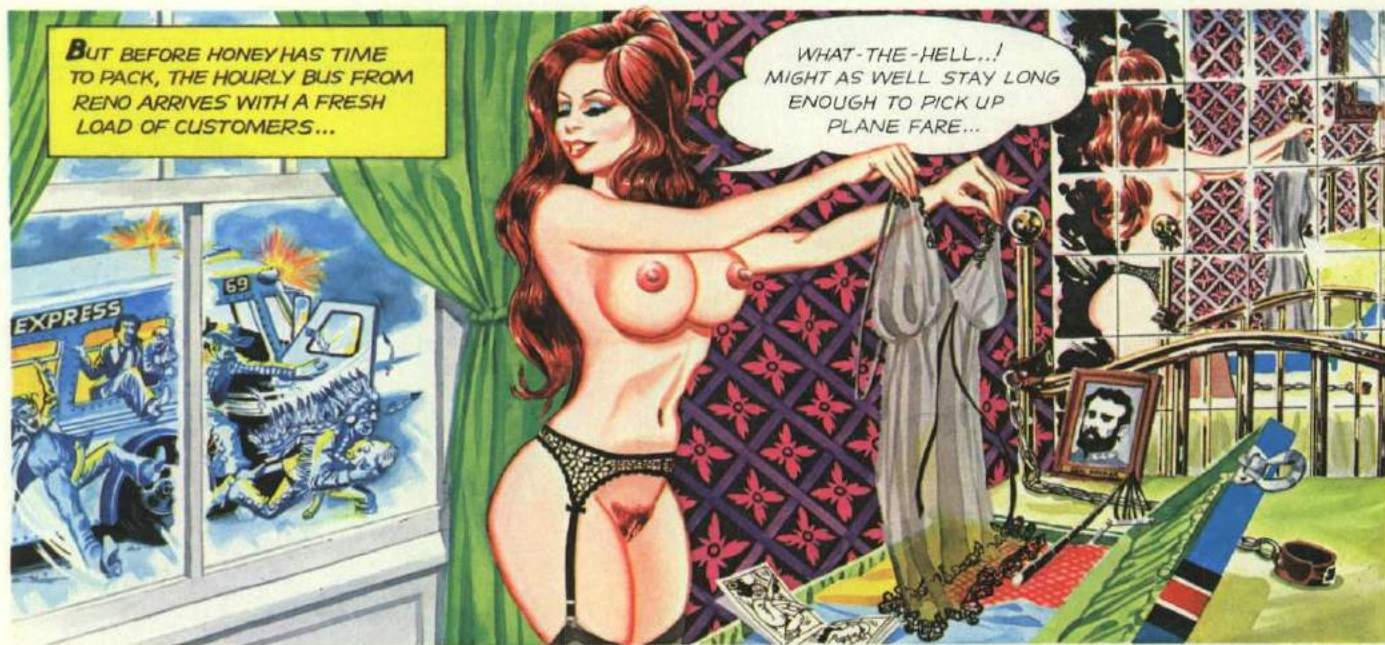


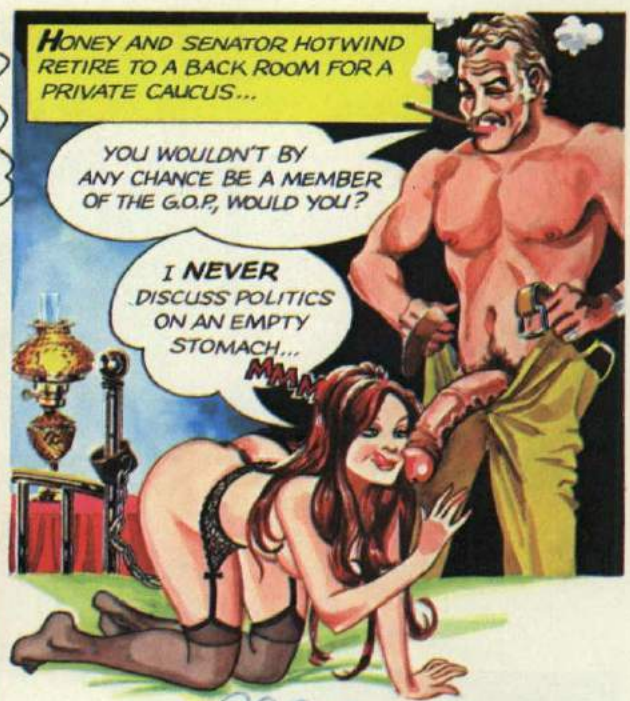
WHAT'D YOU
LOSE, GRANDMA?
YOUR MARBLES?

THERE
MAY BE SNOW
ON THE ROOF, BUT
I CAN STILL
SOCKET TO 'EM!

I GOTTA
GET OUTTA
HERE BEFORE
MY REPUTATION
IS SOILED!








MEANWHILE, THE JEALOUS VENUS
IS PLOTTING REVENGE AGAINST
THE FICKLE SENATOR HOTWIND...



THE SENATOR'S MOANS OF
DELIGHT DROWN OUT THE
CREAK OF THE OPENING
DOOR...



**WITH HER NOSE, VENUS
TURNS ON THE INCRIMINATING
MACHINE...**



C'MON, SENATOR HOTWIND! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER HOT WAD FOR HONEY'S HONEY POT?

HONEY, I'VE GOT MORE JISM THAN A CERTAIN PRESIDENT HAD LIES!

C'MON, SENATOR HOTWIND! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER HOT WAD FOR HONEY'S HONEY POT?

HONEY, I'VE GOT MORE JISM THAN A CERTAIN PRESIDENT HAD LIES!

OH...
SENATOR BABY!
BLOW OUT THOSE
TUBES!

BOING!

BOING!

BOING!

BOING!

CRASH!

AGHHH

MEANWHILE,
HIS CAREER GOES
DOWN THE
TUBES!

WAS
THAT AN
ORGASM OR AN
EARTHQUAKE?

A LANDSLIDE,
SENATOR BABY!

THEIR FUCKING FILIBUSTER
SOON BUILDS TO A WILD
FRENZY... STRAINING THE
BED UNTIL HONEY'S
FEROCIOUS ORGASM
COLLAPSES IT, CRUSHING
VENUS AND HER EVIL PLAN...

MY GOD, VENUS
DECAPITATED?
WHAT NOW?
CONTINUED NEXT
MONTH....

OH...
SENATOR BABY!
BLOW OUT THOSE
TUBES!

BOING!

BOING!

BOING!

BOING!

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WHAT NOW?
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MONTH....

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in **HUSTLER**, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to **Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review)**. We'll also inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

MAIL-ORDER SUCKER BAIT

There are a lot of swindlers and con men lurking out there in mail-order land, probably because there are an equivalent number of suckers. By "suckers," I don't mean the guys who send their money to mail-order firms and never receive their orders. That happens to even the most cagey customer.

The real sucker is the guy who thinks mail-order erotica will provide a quick and easy answer to his sexual problems: He comes too quickly, so he buys a large rubber band (aka "cock ring") to dam up the blood inside his cock, theoretically prolonging his erection. He can't get in his girlfriend's pants, so he buys some phony "Spanish fly," expecting that his cold bitch will suddenly tear off her clothes and impale herself on his turgid rod in a delirium of drug-induced passion. He won't—or can't—deal with women's confusing and often contradictory emotional demands, so he buys an inflatable plastic love doll in order to have ever-ready pussy without any hassles.

Mail-order burn artists are always ready to take advantage of this type of mentality. They cover their asses by describing their products as "novelties only"—which, ironically, is the truth.

However, mail-order sex toys such as love dolls and cock rings do offer the customer an opportunity to experience novel forms of erotic play that were repressed in earlier times. But these products are only meant to enrich the customer's sexual fun, not to take the place of it. The schmuck who is disappointed when his relationship with his love doll turns out to be unfulfilling has nobody to blame but himself. Any one sucker enough to replace a woman with a rubber doll deserves whatever he gets.

Sensuality

Love dolls may disappoint some customers, but fuck flicks rarely do—which is probably why movies remain the most popular of mail-order items. Director Lasse Braun's films are especially dependable for a turn-on, and *Sensuality* is a good example.

The movie opens with a sloe-eyed fox in a silver-blond wig teasing two barroom studs by blatantly flashing her bare beaver. The scene switches to an apartment, where blonde sensuously strips in front of the two guys, rubbing her

huge clit and mouthing, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" The guys are happy to oblige, piling on for a lengthy three-way hump fest highlighted by a "Greek Sandwich"—the chick simultaneously taking it in the ass and cunt—that has every head bobbing climactically.

Sensuality ends on a rather frustrating note because the camera cuts back to the bar, where the two men are still scoping the cock-teasing blonde. Director Braun is telling us that the whole orgy took place in the men's minds. Apparently the asshounds will go home alone, with nothing more to show for their efforts than boners equal to those of *Sensuality*'s viewers. That is often the case with sex and the single man—and undoubtedly the reason so many inflatable love dolls are sold.

Sensuality is one of many color films offered by Krow Enterprises (P. O. Box 11023, Chicago, Illinois 60611) for \$18-\$20 each, in both regular 8mm and super 8mm. The print we saw was in



regular 8mm, and this could account for its unspectacular color and clarity. But that aside, Krow Enterprises enjoys one of the finest reputations in the mail-order erotica business for quality and reliability of service, and we consider the company to be a safe seller.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

In October 1975, I placed an order for one movie with *Contemporary American Screen Hits* (807 Stewart St., Madison, Wisconsin 53713), the company that was offering *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* for \$110 each. I've been trying unsuccessfully since that time to effect delivery of my order.

In the *Mail-Order Feedback* column (July 1976), you told a reader who had a complaint similar to mine that the firm had changed hands, had a new name (*American Film Hits*), and that the new owners had promised to clear up their back-order problems. Well, obviously they have not done so, and I'm writing to warn away other readers who might come across *American Film Hits*' "offer."

J. F.

Plainfield, New Jersey

Readers won't come across any "offers" from *American Film Hits* in **HUSTLER**. We drummed them out of the ranks of our advertisers in August 1976. We also warned readers about *American Film Hits* in *Mail-Order Feedback* (December 1976). But we're running your letter to reiterate

the warning because the erotic film "classics" the company is supposedly offering are so tempting and expensive. The new owners of *American Film Hits*—like the old ones—are either hopeless incompetents or rip-offs posing as fuck-ups.

In June 1976, I ordered two Linda Lovelace films from *Charms, Inc.* (8756 Artesia Blvd., Bellflower, California 90706). I sent them a postal money order for \$41, plus a certified letter requesting that they tell me when I could expect shipment of the movies. But the company never answered my request for information, nor did they send my order. Could you assist me?

J. K.

San Antonio, Texas

We sent letters of inquiry to *Charms, Inc.* about your complaint and about those of other readers who never received their orders. However, all letters were returned to us marked "Addressee Unknown." It seems that *Charms* has taken your money and split. Readers who have been ripped off by *Charms, Inc.* should inform the postal authorities immediately.

I sent a \$25 check to *Majestic Distributors* (120 13th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11218) for films and magazines. They cashed the check and sent me a card saying they'd make every effort to process my order within the next 30 days, but that I should allow up to six weeks for delivery. I have waited five months now, and I still haven't received my merchandise.

V. N.

South Bend, Indiana

We have received many complaints about *Majestic Distributors* and have dropped their ads. We've also learned that *Majestic* and its sister companies, *Unique Distributors* and *Companion Products*, are on the *Better Business Bureau's* blacklist. The B.B.B. tells us that if your complaints go unresolved, you should contact the U. S. Postal Inspection Service, GPO, New York, New York 10001.

Several of our readers have asked for the address of the Federal Trade Commission. You can register a complaint about rip-offs with them as well as with the postal authorities. The address is: Federal Trade Commission, Pennsylvania Ave. at 6th St. N.W., Washington, D. C. 20580.

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in **HUSTLER**, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Address your letters to: **Mail-Order Feedback**, **HUSTLER Magazine**, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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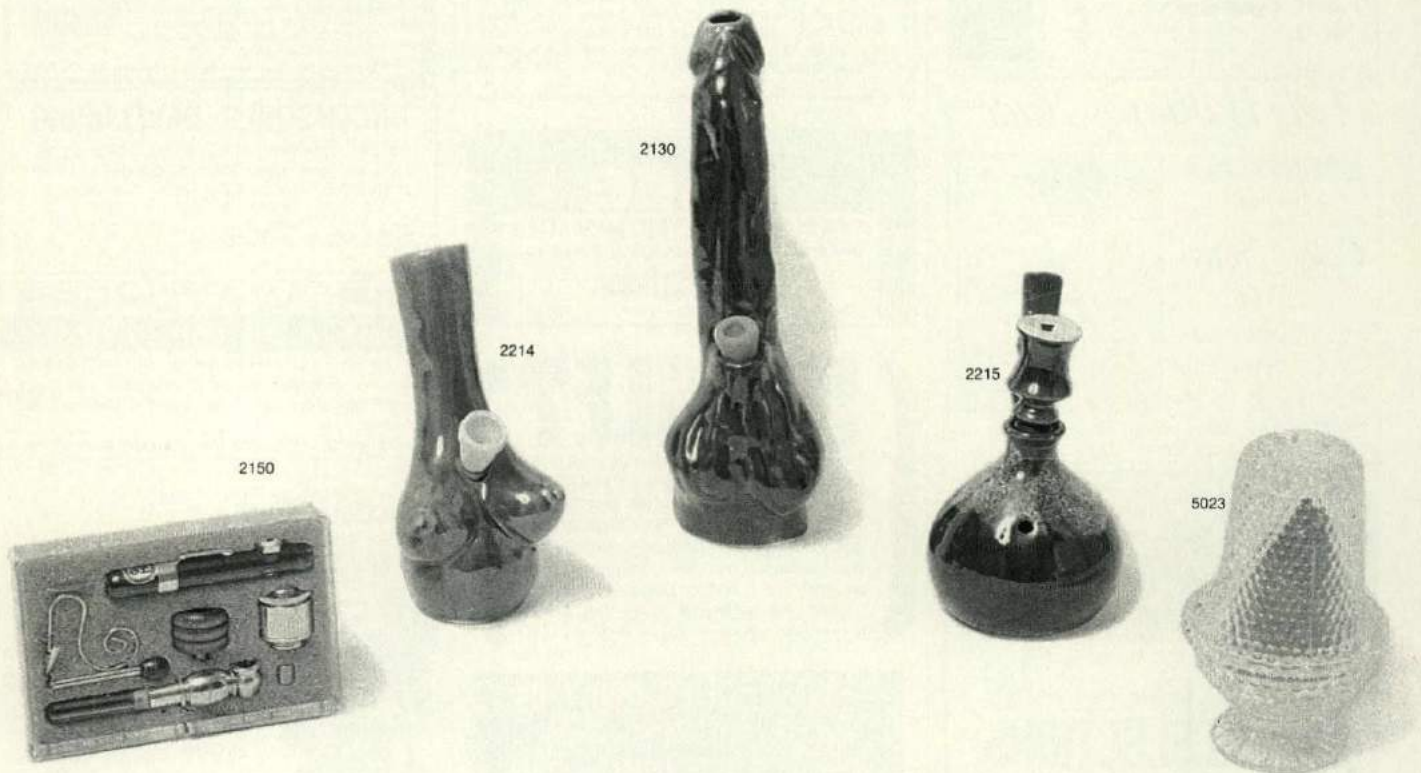


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PREVIEW

APRIL

A CASE FOR SPRING FEVER

THE NEW PIRATES: DRUG RUNNERS—Blackbeard was a limp-wristed landlubber compared to the modern-day, high seas buccaneers who plunder and murder in pursuit of their 20th-century booty—drugs. By Milt Machlin

PROFILE: JOHN AUSTIN PAYCHECK—HUSTLER shows why this skull-busting country and western singer is coming on strong in spite of his renegade attitudes and outspoken dislike for the Nashville Music Association and the Grand Ole Opry. By John Morthland

CELEBRITIES SPEAK OUT ON PORN—The famous and infamous expose their own hard-core opinions of pornography in this HUSTLER celebrity survey.

FIRST ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS—The balloting is now over for the most desirable celluloid smut stars and their erection-raising movies. See if your choices agree with the results of HUSTLER's independent readers' survey for 1976.

GORILLA—For some men it is easy to claim territory and women while others have to struggle to get what's theirs. This HUSTLER fiction explores the jungle of everyday life. By Mark Baker

BODY HAIR: THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT—April's SEX PLAY provides some hair-raising answers to the age-old question: Do furry bodies warm you up? By Michael Toohey

SPACE PROBE—This giant leap for mankind will make you want to probe deep space on your own. And our centerfold, ALLISON, along with SUZIE and MARNI: TACO BELLE, will push you to the outer limits.

KINKY KORNER—A wife reveals how she combined a passion for consuming the bigger things in life with her husband's eye for sex. By Mrs. M. H.

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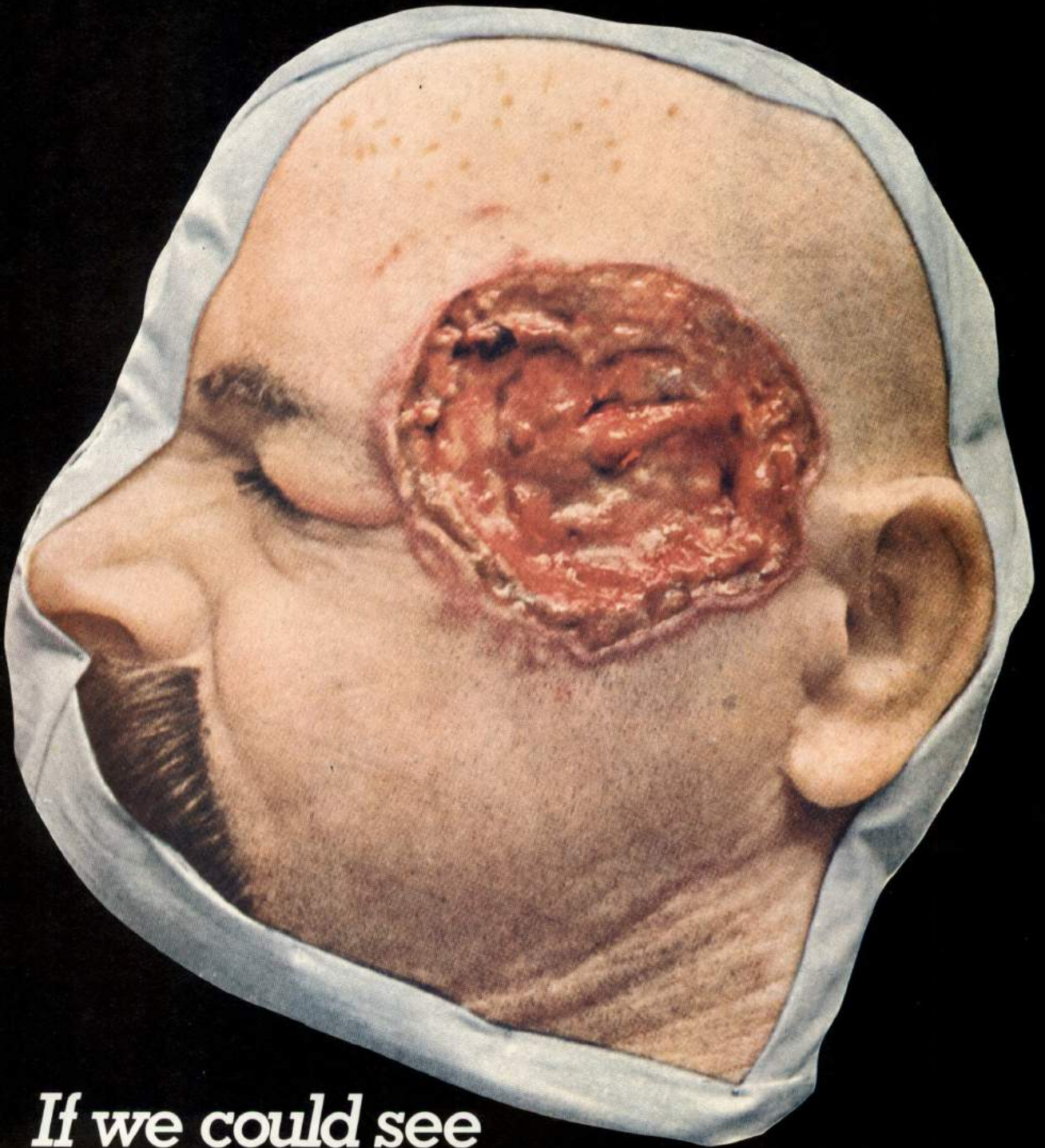
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